take Christ at his word and trust him; *and if he does not do that, without trusting any other thing, he cannot be saved.*"

O, how precious this paragraph! How different from the preceding extract! The former may be thought serious, this is *sure*,—the former may be thought sincere, this is *sublime*. Not only does our sister appear in this quotation as knowing the Gospel, but as *nicely* knowing it. She casts away all trust in her works, in her feelings, even in her faith, and trusts in Christ alone. She knew that good works are but the *evidences*, not the *means* of salvation—that they enter not into the composition of the foundation stone, but are merely the wreath with which the brow of the believer is adorned for God's glory, whose feet are firmly fixed by faith on Christ, the sure foundation stone; she knew that her frames and feelings, far from being the ground of her confidence, were warm and felicitous only in proportion to the constancy with which she gazed into the feeling heart of her Saviour through the rent which the thirsty sword had made; she knew that her faith, although indispensably necessary to her salvation, merely led to the Saviour, and was willing to be altogether concealed, provided only Jesus was beheld as the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. She gloried in Christ—in Christ alone. To Him her duties were performed. He had all her heart. On Him her faith was fixed. "What reason would they have to fear until a greater than Christ arise!" This reminds one of Luther's golden saying, "Till Satan succeed in plucking the Mediator from the throne we must be safe!" O, my reader, take the advice here given. She being dead, yet speaketh. Think not of your works—these will come spontaneous when once you believe. Think not of your feelings—these will beat in unison with the throbbings of Jehovah's heart, if you only believe the love he has had to you. Think not on your faith. The rope is not seen that rings the bell on a high holiday. When the cannons boom the soldiers are concealed behind the castle-walls; and so, although you cannot be saved if you do not believe, faith cries "not here," "not here—I am simply the glass by which you behold the beauties of the Lamb of God."

With similar clearness and decision does she write to the same friend in July, 1840:—

"Glasgow, 6th July, 1840.

"My dear Eliza,—You say that we may enjoy more peace at one time than another. This is true; but what is the reason? God's promises are still the same; the blood of Christ is always free; nothing is wanting on his part; then surely it must be our own unbelief that is the reason of the darkness. I heard of a good man, who, on his deathbed, saw Satan approach him with a sheet of paper, and a great list of sins. The tempter said, 'How can you expect forgiveness for such guilt?' The good man took the sheet into his hand, looked at it, saw that the list was all right, but 'Oh!' says he, 'you have forgotten to write one thing at the bottom,'—'*the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.*' He trusted this, and Satan fled. Now, my dear E. the only time that I feel my peace broken, is when I feel conscious of sin; but the moment I simply look by faith to Him who died on Calvary, I am happy. There is another time when Satan is busy, that is, when the ways of Providence may be dark and afflictive. He is ready to whisper, 'God has forgotten you;' but then turn to the Word, and he is proved a liar. O yes, Eliza, by simple faith in Jesus we may say with the prophet, 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.' Every thing depends on the simplicity with which we receive Christ's offer of pardon. Take it as a free gift from his hand, and whenever a temptation occurs, flee to Jesus; think on his plain word, and say to yourself, can I doubt it? O no!!"

The change which had happily passed upon Miss Simpson, was in no place or point of view more apparent than in her Sabbath school. In this she had always taken a great interest. She was always regular and punctual, although Rutherglen farm (the scene of her labours) was at some distance from the city. She was, moreover, delighted with the task, and in almost every letter made her friends acquainted with her progress. Before her conversion, however, she spoke principally of the contributions the children made for missionary purposes, the presents they made her, and expressed a hope that some of the Lord's children might be among them; but after this turning point of her history, she recounts with overflowing heart the sure though silent triumphs of the cross in their midst; rejoices over happy deathbeds and emancipated souls. The following is the report of her school for the year ending in February, 1840. The original document is written hurriedly in pencil. If it be "off-hand," it is likewise *off-heart*:—

"We have much, very much reason to bless God. About the month of November last, the senior class manifested a deeper interest and attention in the exercises. I saw it, felt it, and intimated that I would be happy to converse with any who felt anxious about their souls. None of them waited that night, but on the following week one, that manifested the deepest concern, was seized with inflammation, which ended in rapid consumption. When I went out on the following Sabbath, she was very ill. She did not speak very freely, and I could not say I had reason to believe she had submitted to the cross. But it was not long till she professed to have found great peace in the atoning blood of Jesus. I scarcely ever saw one whose faith was so firm and unwavering. As her disease rapidly increased, her prospects for eternity grew bright. She looked forward to heaven triumphantly, because the Saviour of sinners had entered before her. She continued so to the end, and fell asleep in Jesus. Her death appeared to quicken the previous convictions of the rest. Seven of them, females, from fourteen to twenty years of age, came to me under deep convictions of sin. They came into Glasgow to see me, and I had several meetings with them, which time can never efface from my memory. Six of them, I fully believe, have found peace, and are rejoicing in the gospel. They have formed a prayer meeting, and hold it twice a-week, with a good deal of opposition, both from the parents of some of them, and others. Some of the oldest of the boys have a prayer meeting once a-week. There is one of them who professes to have undergone a saving change. We have had another death amongst us, a boy of sixteen. He was the only son of a widowed mother. His disease was consumption, but it was much slower in its progress than that of the other. However, death was not to him the king of terrors. I visited him often. During his illness, he occupied much of his time in causing his little sisters to read to him portions of the Scriptures, and improved these to them, told them that he was going to leave them, and that unless they believed in Jesus, he would never meet them again. On Friday the 17th of January, he was much worse. His mother said to him, 'Johnnie, have you not a word for me?' He answered 'Yes, mother, Jesus came into the world, that *whosoever* believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.' On Saturday he was much distressed with pain, but continued fervent in prayer. His mother listened, and heard him say, 'Lord, am I sinning against thee? O forgive me, and blot it out of the book of thy remembrance.' He was afraid lest his pain would cause him to be discontented. He continued so weak that he could not speak, till on Sabbath morning, about one o'clock, he said in an audible voice, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come, O come quickly, and take me to thyself!' No sooner was his petition presented, than an answer was sent. He laid back his head and died. The school is increasing in numbers. I need not say that it is increasing in interest."

We may observe here an example of the manner in which the Holy Spirit works, and a proof of the proposition that when the truth concerning Christ is proclaimed free, firm, and unfettered, his blessing will not be far away. Before Miss Simpson's conversion, *no good was done in her school.* She confessed it, and subsequently mourned over it. But whenever she herself came to the knowledge of the truth, and knew what to tell her scholars, *souls were saved;*—Satan grieved and Christ satisfied. It is most manifest that truth not calculated to impart the joy of the gospel to the soul, will not be blessed with a harvest of glory to God; but whenever the precious seed is sown the crops come. True it is that the want of thorough sanctification on the part of the teacher may keep back a degree of blessing which otherwise would have been superadded. True it is that believing prayer draws down a blessing greater than would have been enjoyed had such prayer been withheld; but the promise remains indelible on the page of revelation, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing *precious* seed, *shall doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

It was natural for Miss Simpson to seek fellowship with the people in connection with whom she had received so much spiritual benefit. Accordingly she joined North Albion Street Congregational Church. She was induced to take this step, not only (although principally) by love for the free salvation preached there, but likewise by a preference which had been forming for some considerable time in favour of the constitution and government of the Congregational Churches in general. This will be made apparent by the following extract from a letter, dated May 5, 1839:—

"Glasgow, May 5, 1839.

"MY DEAR ELIZA,—The last letter that I wrote you, was on the Saturday evening before the Sacrament. I told you I did not expect to be able to attend on the following day. It was as I anticipated, and I was confined to my bed. I felt disappointed on account of the Sacrament, and it led me to reflection. I had reason to believe that in chapter xx. of the Acts it is recorded, that the primitive Christians assembled regularly every Sabbath, for the breaking of bread and for prayers. Then why limit it to once, twice, or even four times a-year? Well, I thought that if it was Christ's will that his disciples should keep him in remembrance by celebrating his death once a-week, it was my duty to obey. However, I am afraid these convictions would have died away had an address from the pulpit, that I heard on the Tuesday evening following, not deepened them. It was on the danger of knowing our duty and not doing it. My mind was much agitated for a few days. I had to contend with habits that had become strong—the thought of giving up the instructions of a pastor whom I loved, and several other things that I can speak better than I can write about. I trust that, in spite of all, truth and duty prevailed, and, my dear E. I can say that, as far as *I know myself*, I have been influenced by no motive but a desire to obey Jesus.

I wish I had you to talk to rather than write to. I could say far more. I have applied to Mr. Pullar's church.

"Still yours affectionately,
MARY."

Our sister continued about two years a member of North Albion Street church, enjoying all its ordinances, the confidence and esteem of the brethren, and the smile of her Father. All this time she was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." At the termination of the period above referred to, she sought a letter of recommendation to the Church in George Street, under the pastoral care of Dr. Wardlaw. In taking this step she was conscientious and candid. She sought the edification of her soul, and this she frankly stated to her pastor when she requested an affectionate dimissal. Her stay in George Street church was comparatively short. No doubt she profited much by the exhortations and expositions of its eminent and esteemed overseer, but such circumstances transpired that she felt it dutiful to withdraw. Let her not be thought flighty or fickle; her conduct was guided by a strong Christian spirit, that would not permit her to halt at the sacrifice of praise or profit. She left Albion Street for the good of her soul, and we find her leaving George Street for the good of the souls of others. The facts of the case are not dragged forward unnecessarily; they must be told in justification of the steps in question, and her future line of conduct. Miss Simpson was a member of the Total Abstinence Society. In this cause she was conscientious and enthusiastic. Such ardour was in perfect keeping with the benevolence of her heart, which invariably and speedily responded to all measures designed for the temporal and spiritual improvement of her responsible fellow-creatures. Her keen feeling on this point induced her to write and act as follows:—

"My Dear Pastor,—After mature and sincerely prayerful consideration, I have come to the conclusion of withdrawing from the fellowship of the church in George Street. I have not done so without a severe struggle between desire and a sense of duty; but as I expect soon to render an account to the Judge of heaven and earth, I feel I must act as his word directs me. For several months past I have had many doubts as to whether or not it is right to hold fellowship with those whose only business is the selling of intoxicating drink,—who, by giving this drink to young men and others who frequent their houses, are helping Satan to prevent their conversion, and in the end secure them to himself. I believe that it is quite impossible for these persons to obey the command—'whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' But I feel, that as long as those who are pillars of the Church see it their duty to countenance the drinking customs of our country, there can be little reason to hope for redress from this evil. So, my dear Pastor, with sincere prayer that you and the Church over which you preside may be led not to ask whether the wines of Judea were of an intoxicating nature or not, but if there be any danger in countenancing the drinking customs of our own country, and whether the principle of expediency does not become binding on all in present circumstances,

"I remain, yours, very affectionately,
"Mary Simpson."

In reply to a letter of affectionate remonstrance she writes thus:—

"Glasgow, May 16th, 1842.

"My Dear Pastor,—Many thanks to you for your long and kind letter. I feel all the gratitude due for the interest it shows you take in me.

"Agreeably to your request, I have 'thought again,' and I trust with a sincere heart supplicated the guidance of Him who has said, 'In all thy ways acknowledge me and I will direct thy paths.' The result of consideration, however, has not produced a change in my mind, for so clearly do I perceive my duty, that at the risk of sacrificing every thing dear to me on earth, I could take no other step than the one I have taken.

"There was one thing in my letter to which I feel sorry you have not referred, as it is the greatest evil, and consequently weighs heaviest on my mind, viz. holding fellowship with those who sell intoxicating drink; the direct effects of which are so dishonouring to God and so ruinous to souls. How can a Christian's own soul be growing in grace when he is actually preventing the salvation of others?

"My dear Pastor,—I have read your letter again and again, and I know you will give me credit for candour when I must say I cannot agree with you. I do not think Paul meant his example of expediency solely and exclusively to apply to the things offered to idols; but laid down a simple principle for Christians to act upon, whenever they could assist in removing a hindrance to the gospel, or a stumbling-block out of their brother's way.

"You say that 'the allegation that the temperate uses of wine are the causes of intemperance never has been and never can be made good.' Now, I am no logician, but I think it is plain, that if there was no moderate drinking there would be no intemperance; so, if the former is not the cause of the latter, it appears strange to me that its removal would not effect a cure. If I am not mistaken, you referred to this in one of your sermons on the subject, and said it was equally true, that if there was no eating there would be no gluttony; but if gluttony was sending thousands of its victims every year to a premature grave and a doomed abode, while it had been proved, that abstaining from some kinds of meat would cure it, should not every lover of Jesus lend a hand to the noble work? True it is, that to cure gluttony on the abstinence principle, we must abstain from all kinds of meat, and thereby commit suicide; but surely this cannot be a reason why we should not abstain from a thing which the best medical men say is not nutritious, but in most cases hurtful to the human body.

"I am disposed to exercise all the charity that the Bible warrants, to those who think and act differently from myself. Its being a matter of sin must depend on the state of their own mind. They generally admit that intemperance is a great evil, and that abstinence, as a simple principle, if *acted out*, would cure it—that it has done good in reclaiming the drunkard from the depths of misery---causing him to abandon his wicked companions, and bringing him within the sound of the gospel, where, to my own knowledge, several have believed through grace, and are adorning the doctrine of their blessed Redeemer.

"The Bible says, 'to him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' Therefore, I do not condemn any, farther than the inconsistency between their admissions and their practice warrants.

"Regarding the quotation you give of my letter,---'So long as those who are the pillars of the Church,' &c. &c. in this I did make reference to my pastor among others, and will candidly give you my reason for so 'unkind and presumptuous a charge.'

"There was a Total Abstinence Society formed some time ago, composed of members of the four churches; and is it not a fact, that it has almost or altogether become extinct, in consequence of our being unable to get public meetings attended, because these are not intimated from the pulpit?

"Regarding the drinking customs, I mean nothing more than the giving and taking of intoxicating drinks as a beverage, for the entertainment of a few friends, or the heightening of sociality, when they are not required for medicinal purposes. If I were to specify any I would say Public and Private Dinners, *Banquets*, &c. &c. where, in order to increase the enjoyment, it is customary to drain a bumper to *deceiving* things called toasts. I am quite convinced that weak persons in these assemblies feel justified in drinking, because they say they are imitating the example of those whom they are to regard as their patterns and examples; and when once they have taken a little they have excited the craving for a little more, until it ends in intoxication. If influential Christians were to exemplify what is at least the safest course in regard to intoxicating drinks, what an amount of good would they do both to their weak brethren and to mankind in general! How many wretched wives would be made happy! How many hungry and naked children would be filled and clad! *How many hapless and homeless sisters would enjoy the society of dear brothers, whom the demon of intemperance has banished from their homes and separated perhaps for ever.**

"My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that every Christian may not only be ready to banish this evil, but every evil that exists as a hindrance to the progress of the gospel---and feeling that he is not his own, but bought with the precious blood of Jesus, seek to glorify God in his body and spirit, which are his. With sincere wishes for your welfare, I remain,

"Yours, very affectionately,

"MARY SIMPSON."

In reply to a second letter from her Pastor, Miss S. writes again as follows:—

"Glasgow, June 2, 1842.

"MY DEAR PASTOR,—Your last kind letter, dated from Ardrossan, reached me in due time. Christian charity and forbearance are duties plainly taught and inculcated in the word of God, and are therefore binding on all who profess to be His followers; and were our points of difference only matters of opinion, not in any particular way affecting His glory, or the progress of His cause, I do not think it would be duty to separate.

"There is a slight difference between persons selling what will intoxicate, and selling for intoxication; but the fact, that it is impossible in our day to sell without being the occasion of intoxication, should lead every Christian to give up such an unholy traffic. I do not think it in any way diminishes the evil that other Christians buy from them; and if it is equally wrong to buy as to sell them, both those who buy and sell are guilty in giving their influence to what is doing harm, and in withholding it from a principle which, if acted out, would both prevent and cure all the intemperance in our land. It is said there are six hundred thousand drunkards in Britain; but although there were only sixty thousand, should not something be done for them—some decided effort be made to reclaim them; and to whom must we look for this but to Christians? My dear Pastor, viewing this subject in the light of an eternal world, and its influence in peopling the abodes of the lost, I feel I have no warrant in the Bible for making it a matter of forbearance. I have for seven years been in the habit of regularly visiting the wynds, vennals, and High Street of Glasgow, for the distribution of tracts, and every one of the poor *deluded females* with whom I come in contact requires the aid of intoxicating drinks to keep her in her truly awful career. Very many of them would not succeed in quenching the convictions of their sober moments did they not fly again to that which deprives them of their reason. With feelings of the deepest affection, I remain

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* Our sister wrote and underlined the last sentence, stung by her own sad experience.

"Yours sincerely,

"MARY SIMPSON."

Having thus conscientiously withdrawn from the church with which she was last connected, our sister joined a body of Christians, newly constituted, and composed of those who deemed it the duty of believers to make an extraordinary effort, by example and precept, to check the progress of prevailing and increasing intemperance. She continued in fellowship with this church till she left Glasgow.

We cannot refrain from noticing, for the benefit of those who may be tried in a similar manner, that for some years prior to her leaving the city, Miss Simpson felt that she was not so constantly successful in lifting up her standard for the cause of God, by conformity to the conduct of Christ, as afterwards she was. As the pure air of the country is more healthful for the body than the tainted atmosphere of the city, so she found that her latter residence was a more genial clime for her growth in grace than her former one had been, in which she had many acquaintances and engagements, which made her frequently feel clogged and confined in soul. Indeed, she many a time complained and mourned bitterly, that during the last years of her stay in town she had not served God so watchfully and so well as she might have done.* Many a salt and silent tear has she shed over time misspent at parties and other evening meetings, where songs were sung, jokes were made, games were played, and conversations indulged in, which would not have found a sharer in the lowly and holy Saviour. Not that she sought such scenes herself, for repeatedly she vowed never to revisit them—but if at any time she mingled with friends who she thought would abstain from such excess, when once their merriment began, the sprightliness of her nature caught the spark and she joined in their glee. When on her way home from these friendly meetings her conscience frequently smote her, and on reaching her own apartment she has with a heavy heart called upon God to forgive her and preserve her thereafter from such temptation and sin. She found that two evil effects followed undue indulgence in levity and sport on the part of Christians—the unconverted were kept back from Christ, and the peace of the believer for the time was banished away. The consistency and deep-flowing happiness of God's people attract the enemies of the cross to that source of true pleasure and purity; but the light-hearted unrestrained merriment of a professed follower of Jesus keeps them fortified in their rebellion, forcing upon them the soothing conclusion that Christians are no better than other people. For the time those who thus join hand in hand with the ungodly may be thought fine, free, frank, open-hearted compapanions, but, on the morrow, when their conduct is reflected on, the consequence is that the unbelieving are thereby driven further away from a beseeching God. Many a time did Miss Simpson's heart in subsequent years yearn over several in whose company she had been, and before whom she had not clearly manifested a likeness to Christ. If the Christian who reads these pages wishes to avoid much future grief—much bitter remorse—if he desires to be the means of *peopling heaven rather than hell*—let him say not a word—let him give not a look—let him do not a deed, that will have the tendency to encourage the unconverted in the idea that there is very little difference if any between the professedly regenerate and those who make no pretension to real conversion. But our sister found that such levity not only had a pernicious influence on others, but likewise materially affected her own spirituality and tranquillity of mind. We find her for example writing as follows, in April, 1843:—

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* There is no reference made here to indulgence in that which would commonly be reckoned actual sin, but for the most part, even among professing Christians, would pass for harmless amusement.

"I respond to your wish, 'oh for peace with God,' for oh, my dear Agnes, my peace is too often broken by transgression. Sin is the bane of both saint and sinner. The latter takes it for his all, and the former is too often tempted to wander from the cross of Jesus; and, when there, finds nothing to give solid peace and comfort. Without this peace, however, there can be no salvation; for while crediting God's word that Jesus died *for us*, (how great the love!) we must experience the effects of belief, which are peace, love, and obedience.

"'Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
And receive my soul at last.'"

We are quite sure that the writer makes reference in these lines to seasons of disquietude which she spent arising from indulgences to which reference has just been made. Nothing but a consciousness of sin can keep a soul from peace. Now when a sinner beholds the Lamb of God bearing away the sins of the world, and his among the rest, he arrives at sweet gospel peace. If, however, he permit subsequent sin, unconfessed and unforgiven, to rise up between him and the work of Christ, his happiness will for the time be lost, and the peace-giving propitiation but partially and dimly discovered. Hence comes the strong sentence—"and when there finds nothing to give solid peace and comfort." Not to say that the cross did not contain peace and comfort—and these solid too—but when her heart was grieved by her wanderings from God, when the eye of her mind was fixed upon her sins and short-comings rather than upon the cross; and when the view which she did take of her Saviour was dimmed and beclouded by the bitter tear, that fresh joy could not be drawn by our sister from the sin-cleansing blood which it was calculated to give. How important the lesson which the believer is here taught! Does he wish his peace to be ever present and unbroken? Then first let him confess what sins hang unforgiven upon his soul, that he may receive promised pardon for the sake of Christ; and let him strive with prayer and perseverance against secret and open sins; for when a professed Christian indulges daily and deliberately in prohibited iniquity, he sees the love of Jesus with listless eye, and begins to fear (with good reason) that he is not sheltered in the secret place of the Almighty. Whenever our sister, by the assistance of God's Spirit, withstood temptation and forsook the sins that so easily beset her, doubts and fears were cast to the winds; and if my reader would keep looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of his faith, walking in his ways as well as depending on his word, his peace would flow like a river, and his righteousness like the waves of the sea.

Miss Simpson was not born to affluence and ease. It was her lot to labour, and to labour hard. However, she was always kept in a most respectable way. For some years she was actively and serviceably engaged in her brother's place of business, and for some time before she left town she was teacher of a Young Ladies' School, for which post she was much adapted, and in which she was much beloved and highly useful. In the providence of that adorable Being who doeth all things well, she was called to the country town of Kilwinning, in Ayrshire, in May, 1843, whither she went, followed by the prayers and partial regrets of many Christian friends by whom she was prized and beloved, accompanied by two younger surviving sisters, and likewise by that faithful Spirit who sought and foresaw that good to souls and glory to God would flow from her Christian life and triumphant death, in that locality in which her lot was thus unexpectedly cast.*

CHAPTER III.

FROM HER ARRIVAL IN KILWINNING TILL HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

For some time after her arrival in Kilwinning, Miss Simpson was kept busy by the arrangements and exertions that were necessarily connected with the change of her place of residence and the opening of a new place of business. From the very first her shop was thronged, and up to the time of her death she had no reason to complain for want of support and encouragement.

Her mind was, nevertheless, found tending heavenward. She loved the Lord and the progress of his cause; consequently, wherever her lot might be cast, and however engrossing her engagements might be, her heart was found burning with unchanged affection towards Him, and as devotedly bent upon the promotion of His glory. She says, in one of her letters to a friend, "I cannot say that I am altogether reconciled to *this city* yet, which you call my exile. Yet I know my duty—that let me do; for although deprived of many privileges in Kilwinning, there are plenty of perishing souls, with few to care for them."

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* We think it just to mention a circumstance of which we were but lately apprised:---that for her removal to Kilwinning, by which she was placed in a position of greater comfort and independence, our sister was much indebted to *a kind friend,* who was induced to enable her to begin business for herself, by an appreciation of her excellent qualities, and by a benevolent desire that one so worthy should not lack ability to carry into execution the Christian purposes of her heart.

She had not been long settled till she sought for a post of personal usefulness in the cause of her Saviour. As the poor labourer who lives by the labour of his hands is found immediately seeking for work when he has removed his family to a new locality, so our sister, who did not live by bread alone, but by the words which proceeded from the mouth of God, heard here her Father saying,—"Go, work in my vineyard." Necessity was laid upon her to preach the gospel.

Sabbath-School teaching being the work in which our sister could most modestly engage, in which she had been formerly successful, and for which she was admirably fitted, our expectations are realised in finding her making arrangements for its commencement. It must be observed, however, that her position as a Sabbath School Teacher in Kilwinning was somewhat different from that which she held in Glasgow. Every thing that she did in the town in this capacity was fully known to those on whose support, in a manner, she was dependant. This made her hesitate a little, since she wished her business to succeed, not only on her own account, but likewise for the benefit of the kind friend who had established her in the locality; and as she deemed it probable that many in the place might be opposed to her taking such a step without consulting those who were before her in the field. However, the call of duty was the most loud, and gained obedience.

We find her writing thus on the 6th of August:

"I had my school to-night for the first time in Kilwinning. I had 11, and took them into the parlour. I never commenced any thing with as much fear and feeling. I may expect slander. If I were to consult the feeling of the flesh, I would desist from the effort; but when I think of the obligation imposed on me by a crucified Saviour and a perishing world, with the shortness and uncertainty of time, how can I? Oh E. each of us has her sphere; but let the end of our life be the glory of God.' Every thing around us says, 'improve the present."

We find her again writing:—

"I have commenced a school, and last Sabbath evening there were fifty-nine present."

She did not conduct her school in a cold formal manner. While she gave the scholars regular tasks, she likewise watched for their souls. Had one listened at the door of her crowded room, he would have heard the most stirring appeals to the careless, the most striking and simple exhibitions of the truth to the inquiring mind, and the most salutary warnings against prevailing iniquity. Once she held up her hand between the listeners and the light. She asked why darkness had overspread the room? "Because your hand conceals the light," their youthful voices said. "And why is it light now?" continued the teacher, taking away the hindrance. "Because your hand is away," was the ready reply. "So," said she, "there is nothing save the consciousness of sin alone between you and peace with God. It is this that darkens your soul. Now, 'behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' 'He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.' The light of God's countenance is beaming through the new and living way upon your darkened souls. Open your eyes, and see the light. For "this is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men have loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."

We find that her labours were not in vain in the Lord. She writes thus to a Christian friend:—

"I have not long sent the last of the scholars away. Four new ones waited to-night. Oh A. I am afraid to say much. God only knows the heart, and I am not beside them to know the actions. The big tear of anxiety drops from the eye of the anxious, and (would you believe it?) nine have professed to have rested on the all-atoning blood of Jesus, and to have found peace. As far as I can question them, they appear to know the truth theoretically. I have endeavoured to keep before them *the reason why Jesus needed to die, and what he did in dying*. There are five or six inquirers. Oh may God guide the work! I almost feel terrified lest any thing I say may cause their blood to be required at my hand."

Again she writes in October:—

"Things have been moving on in much the same way since you were here. The interest continues to increase in the school. Others profess to be awakened, and six more to see the truth that Jesus has made a full and free atonement for their sins. I trust that I shall state the truth in so far as I know it, but the day shall declare the results as they really are."

For two years did the warm-hearted teacher pursue her useful course, cheered by seeing one after another of those who waited upon her spiritual instructions entering into peace and into the sanctifying fellowship of the Christian church, of whose formation in the place I must now briefly speak.

When Miss Simpson came to Kilwinning, she did not find any Christian friends with whom she could hold free and confiding communion—not to say that there were no Christians in the place—let such statements be ever far from us; but there were none whose spirits were congenial with her own on doctrinal points, and by whom she was hailed as a sister in the Lord. During the first summer of her residence in the town, she enjoyed the fellowship of the sister church in Ardrossan, but as the distance to that place was very considerable, she could not attend with comfort or regularity. She was moreover desirous that good should be effected in Kilwinning itself; that a nucleus of believers should be gathered together, whose influence might be felt in the place, and with whom she might have continual intercourse, being united in the bond of Christian union; trusting to the heavenly promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." She looked and longed for its enjoyment.

Although guided in all her conduct by a merited and prudent modesty, yet, the love of Christ constraining her, she could allow no opportunity to pass unimproved, whereby her Redeemer might be honoured, and precious souls saved. After she had resided for a few weeks in her new locality, she was made aware of the intended visit of a preacher of the gospel. She immediately suggested the propriety of an open air sermon, which was agreed to. She drew out the notices in her own hand writing, appointing the time and place for the sermon, and had them duly circulated throughout the village. The hour for sermon arrived; it was a beautiful evening in the latter end of May. A considerable number attended, and as the shades of evening drew on, the audience increased, every person apparently listening with rivetted attention. Miss S.'s mind was cheered by the sight, and sought eagerly to obtain another opportunity that the glad tidings of salvation might again be proclaimed fully and freely. About four weeks thereafter, a similar opportunity occurred. Our sister, eager as ever "to do what she could," gave publicity to the sermon, and when the hour arrived, accompanied the preacher to his scene of labour, cheering him forward in his onerous work, and stood by him, his only earthly supporter, and that whilst no one could be found in the audience so much interested as to lead the praise; this additional duty, therefore, devolving upon the preacher. On this occasion, the audience exceeded that of the former meeting, both in numbers and awakened interest. Still more and more cheered was the heart of our sister, encouraged by the kindness of her Divine Master in the impressions produced by these simple means. Miss S. thought of a more extensive and systematic effort. She solicited the services of those whose labours in other places had been much blessed by the Spirit of God. In compliance with her importunate request, Mr. Kirk of Hamilton and Mr. MacRobert of Cambuslang, assisted on several evenings by her brother, Mr. Simpson of Bridgeton, on the 5th of December, 1843, visited the place. Protracted meetings for the plain preaching of the gospel were held for three weeks. The Holy Spirit was not absent when the truth concerning Christ was faithfully preached. Many were awakened to a sense of their sin and danger. Above thirty availed themselves of the repeated opportunities given of conversing with the servants of Christ, and the present day declares that real good resulted. Not a few of these came to peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and having thus believed God, have since been careful to maintain good works. Oh, if ministers of the gospel, depending entirely on the Spirit of God, would clearly, freely, and constantly impress upon sinners the love of God to *them*, proved by the death of Christ, who was the propitiation for the sins of the world, conversions would not be so uncommon a thing; our hearts would be delighted by the tale of the triumphs of the cross over the length and breadth of the land!

Miss Simpson took an active part in the arrangement and management of these revival services. She brought the preachers; she lodged them; she prayed for them. She procured the use of a small meeting-house in the town, and, when the fortnight for which it was engaged had expired, she succeeded in getting accommodation elsewhere. God did not leave her without a reward. Not only was her heart gladdened by the conversion of formerly condemned sinners—it was warmed by a more vivid and constraining view of the Son of God to her own soul. She frequently made reference to an illustration used by Mr. Kirk in one of his sermons, as causing her to think more deeply on the marvellous sacrifice of Christ. It was as follows:—Suppose that a young man, the subject of his mother's prayers and unwearied exertions, becomes a debased and dissipated prodigal. Annoyed by her frequent chidings, and entreaties, and tears, he sullenly leaves the parental roof, and lodges with a stranger, that he may go on in his riotous living, unchecked save by his faithful conscience. One night the house in which he is sleep-ing takes fire. The prodigal is seen at a window in the highest story hesitating in despair whether he should cast himself into the street, or return back into the bosom of the flame. At this crisis he casts his eye towards the door, and sees a slender figure making for him through the devouring element. He is hastily wrapped in a long thick covering, and drawn—almost carried—by the benevolent stranger down the fiery staircase to the crowded street. No sooner is he safe than the roof falls in, and his unknown deliverer sinks dead at his feet, overcome by agitation, fatigue, and pain. It is his mother! What love! How does his soul sink within him as he stands before the scorched and blackened form! How can he fathom the compassion of her that has died to rescue him! Sinner, stand before the cross. See what God manifest in the flesh endured to save you! Can you fathom that love? Can you suspect it? Does not your every doubt perish at this glorious though fearful sight? O can you longer distrust your God?

This simple illustration had a powerful effect upon Miss S.'s mind. She saw with increased vividness the baseness and ingratitude of the sinner, the unmerited and matchless love of God, and the deep obligation under which she lay to a crucified Saviour. She often referred to these meetings as the means of imparting to her soul greater love and holiness to the Lord.

It was thought advisable for the promotion of God's glory to open a station in Kilwinning, in connection with which the gospel might be permanently preached. The brethren, many of them recent converts, were timid at first, but our heroic sister encouraged them on, saying, "truth is mighty and must prevail." She herself, without acquainting any one with her intention, rented the upper story of the land in which she lived for a place of meeting, it being unoccupied and undivided. She also went to a workman, and gave him orders concerning the fitting up of the little chapel, trusting that the Lord would provide; and truly he did: for although to this day they have no permanent minister, they have never lacked supply a single Sabbath. In the summer of 1844, a small church was formed, consisting of fifteen members, the bond of their union being the common possession of the peace and love of the gospel. They then enjoyed the labours of Mr. Samson, now of Blennerhasset, Cumberland. Messrs. Duncanson, Robertson, Rettie, and Davidson, have subsequently laboured amongst them. At the time of Miss Simpson's death, they were fifty-two in number. Although they no longer are animated by her powerful presence; although they do not now hear her breathing forth words of encouragement and zeal; although they cannot repair to her now for advice in their difficulties, but mourn her death, as to them the loss not only of a sanctified sister, but likewise of a modest and needed directress—yet through all eternity they will have occasion to bless God for her settlement and stay in the place, as the occasion of the conversion of many of them, of the church's formation, and as ministering in no small measure to that considerable advancement which they have hitherto made.

From this period—viz. the winter of 1843, till the time of our sister's illness and death, in the autumn of 1845, we cannot pretend to write a continued biography:—She kept no diary—the writer did not dwell beside her an eye-witness and recorder of her deeds. Of the few of her letters to which we have had access, the majority bear no more definite date than the day of the week; and indeed, during the specified interval there was a lack of striking incident. Let us merely mention the features of her character that were strikingly and constantly developed, and lay before the reader some extracts from her correspondence that will evince the great principle of Christian benevolence by which she was guided and governed.

1. *She was diligent in business.* It says little for the Christianity of a man, if he be indolent. "A slothful Christian" is a kind of contradiction in terms. The subject of this Memoir was industrious; indeed, she toiled herself that others might have their due; that those who were in a manner dependant upon her might be well maintained; and that God's cause might not be injured, but advanced. If there be any whose eyes glance upon these pages, who gain for themselves in the world the character of the sluggard, or who fail to make all possible exertion for the repayment of those to whose faith and friendship they may have been indebted, and who still profess the possession of peace with God, let them know that they excite the wonder of the writer; for how can they have peace with God when they are permitting sin unforgiven and unforsaken to hang around them, and that their conduct forms a strange contrast to that of the Christian of whose life they are reading. Frequently we find her writing of being early and late at work; of being wearied and worn out; of being *tied closely* to her work; and being unable to visit her friends as formerly she had done. "Liberty is never prized sufficiently," she writes to one friend, "till we are deprived of it. I feel

this. I see no possibility of ever getting away; but let me learn to submit. What is our profession, as followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, if we do not show that we can imitate his example?"

2. *In the midst of business and bustle she maintained her spirituality of mind.* Oh, how many there are whose piety sinks as their engagements rise. Not so our sister. She was propelled in all her dealings by a desire for God's glory—thus the ruling motive was right; and while occupied with worldly things she did not totally forget her Lord and Master.

On one occasion she writes thus:—

"Oh, what is all the rest of our toil compared with the work of converting sinners! Oh, to be the means of causing our dear Saviour to see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, even although the escape from hell experienced by the sinner were not in the case. I am through the week tied completely to my business. I sometimes give a tract, 'Believe and Live,' or, 'Sure of Heaven,' to a customer; but little else can be done in these circumstances. Here am I, where God has placed me. I am convinced of that, and *oh may I buy and sell for the glory of God!*"

And not only did she give those who dealt with her silent and unseen messengers, showing the way of salvation, but she was often heard, in an off-hand and winning way, endeavouring to bring them beneath the joyful sound of the simple gospel:—"We're to have a grand preacher on Sabbath in the hall—Will you come?" Thus would she be heard speaking towards the end of the week:—"Do you remember what he said on this verse in the forenoon?" And then again, think on this expression in the afternoon." Thus would she be heard speaking, by way of improvement, at the beginning of the week. And if those in whose welfare she thus interested herself were not benefited, offence they could have none, so frank and so friendly was the style of her address.

3. *She earnestly desired the conversion of her friends.* Not long after her own conversion she was under God the means of the conversion of one of her sisters. When praying with her and another Christian friend, she used this striking expression:—"Oh Lord, have mercy on this poor condemned sinner now kneeling before thee." These words deepened her sister's anxiety, which had already begun; and by Mary's clear exhibitions of Christ she subsequently came to the knowledge of the truth. Over another sister she yearned in spirit. Many a prayer did she present for her, and many a warning did she give her, and with many an earnest entreaty did she seek to win her to Christ. We have before us a letter which she wrote to a friend who had addressed this object of her solicitude on the subject of her soul. It breathes forth the ardent gratitude of the heart. It shows, that in writing to her sister concerning her spiritual state, her friend had conferred upon her (Miss S.) the greatest possible favour, greater far than the bestowment of a personal gift, and contains an earnest request that he would write in such a strain again. There was yet another whom she often entreated by letter and look, and beseeching speech, whose professions cheered her—whose backsliding wrung her soul. Over this one she mourned with groanings unutterable. The letters which she addressed to him from her deathbed, with feeble and trembling hand, which will yet be laid before the reader, will be like the crowning proof of the statement I am now confirming, that the conversion of her relatives she deeply desired.

4. *She gloried in the triumphs of the truth.* She was not proof against other tidings of joy—she invariably rejoiced with rejoicing friends. Her heart was emphatically benevolent, but she especially rejoiced with Christ, and drank a deep draught of gratification when she saw of the travail of his once sorrowful soul. In the words of one of her friends in Kilwinning—"Miss Simpson was seen in her true colours when in the midst of revival meetings, and when surrounded by anxious sinners." Let me add to this that her eye never beamed with greater joy—that her tongue was never loosed to speak with greater gladness—than when she heard of the advancement of the kingdom in other places. The best "news" to her were the good news of the salvation of souls. She, moreover, made personal sacrifices that she might be able to attend revival meetings when held in neighbouring parts of the country.

On one occasion, not long before her last illness, she had been from home for some days attending a series of meetings being held at West Kilbride, where she had spent her earliest years. She had gone not only for refreshment of soul, but likewise to use any influence she might have in bringing individuals whom she knew to hear of Christ. On the morning of her return to Kilwinning, although she was anxious to know how things had gone on during her absence, instead of going straight home she called upon a sister of the church with whom she was on terms of close Christian intimacy. She unburdened herself to her as to a kindred spirit of all the joyful tidings she was able to communicate. She told of this one and that one born there—of the salutary excitement which prevailed—how this one she had prevailed on to come and that one she had silenced in his ignorant opposition. "And, oh woman," said she with holy frankness, "let us come and praise and pray to the Lord." They repaired to an apartment where they had often worshipped and wrestled together. With overflowing heart, with unusual utterance and urgency, did she bless God, and call upon him to shower further blessings upon places and persons for whose welfare she was particularly solicitous. Her fellow-worshipper was struck with her deep emotion. When they rose from their knees Miss S. seemed exceedingly happy. She said, "before we prayed I was somewhat thoughtful about the shop, but now I am quite sure that God has taken care of that." We see here the true Christian, by the fervency and faith of her prayers, drawing down blessings upon others, and not remaining unblessed herself. At the day of final reckoning—when many, who in this world were well known on the public platform of religious exertion, will be cast into comparative shade—the Lord, the righteous judge, will confess many secret worshippers before the mighty multitude, as those whose powerful prayers "moved the arm that moves the universe."

During the Christmas of 1844, Miss S. had gone to attend revival meetings held at the time in Largs, on the Frith of Clyde, where her father resided. Her heart was there delighted by the conversion of many souls. On her return home from the meetings, she said to a Christian friend who had accompanied her, "Oh, Miss M. I see more and more the absolute necessity that exists for Christians being entirely consecrated to God. All our time, if it is needed—all our money, if it is needed—our lives, if they are needed—*all* must be devoted unreservedly to the cause of God. And never till Christians feel this in all its importance will the cause of the Redeemer extend as it might do."

We might here enlarge on her hospitality, her liberality, her masculine and managing turn of mind, her deep compassion for souls constantly manifested, but as we fear to swell the Narrative beyond due limits, and as the most interesting and important part of all lies before us, viz. the death-bed scene, we must forbear. Before we proceed to notice her last days and last hours, let us lay before the reader some portions of her correspondence, written after her arrival, and during her stay in Kilwining. And here it is just to remark, that only a very few of her letters, comparatively speaking, have been procured. Strange to say, her most confidential correspondents were all laid under strict injunctions and promises to burn her letters. A lady to whom she must have addressed many valuable communications writes as follows:—"I am sorry indeed at not being able to gratify your request, as the correspondence which was carried on between myself and our beloved sister was of such a confidential kind, that it was an agreement between us to burn each other's letters—which we did; and although that understanding existed, she almost invariably put at the bottom of her letter, 'Burn, burn.' They always breathed such a beautiful Christian spirit—such entire consecration of self and of all she possessed to God, and manifested the discernment of his hand in every event, and a joy even in that which caused pain and disappointment, because it was the will of God, that often I carried them in my pocket, and read them over many a time, until the spirit of them was so familiar to me that I destroyed them, because I felt that to do otherwise would be a betrayal of confidence, but not without reluctance. This day I am sorry for it, because extracts from all of them would have been valuable, in so far as they would have exhibited to the world what a real Christian was, for she was none of the ordinary kind."

Many of her friends write to a similar effect, so that we have only a scanty stock from which to choose those that will show the ruling passion of her soul.

In January, 1844, she writes thus to the school at Rutherglen farm, which she had taught before leaving Glasgow, and in which she continued to take a lively interest:—

"Kilwinning, 25th January, 1844.

"MY DEAR SCHOLARS,—By-gone days warrant me to believe that you will be glad to hear from me. I know it will make all of you happy—this is right, but remember you must not stop here; and before you read further, think that what is written is not only to please but to profit. One day (and perhaps not a distant one) you will call to your remembrance every word I have said to you—every letter I have written, in as far as they may have increased your responsibility.

"I told you in my last that I had commenced a class here. When you are assembled in Rutherglen farm we are engaged in like exercises in Kilwinning. There are generally about 56 present. Some of them (and not a few) tell, by the earnest expression of their faces, how much they are interested, while others, by their happy smile and intelligent answer, show that they have learned the depth of redeeming love. I have much more opposition (outwardly) to contend with here than when with you. The soul is what the people do not speak about, and for any one to say that they know they are redeemed is counted blasphemy. There are many ways of getting to hell, however, and only one way to heaven; no matter how near a person or a people may be, if they are one hair's breadth wrong. I have many an anxious thought concerning you all, but especially those whom I knew were awakened---were so awakened, that they were led to cry out, 'What must we do to be saved?' And yet, after months had elapsed were you asked, 'Are you saved?' the answer would be 'No;' or, 'I am not sure.' Both answers are alike, as the *Not sure* is as bad as the *No.* Now, solemnly and seriously ask yourselves the question, Whose fault is it? Can it be God's? No, surely, for he has been pursuing you with the voice of entreaty, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' he has long, long ago been satisfied with the work of his Son, who was made a sin-offering for *you.* Look seriously for one moment, then, at your circumstances---rebels under sentence of death, flying from what---not the death, but the pardon--- a pardon purchased with the heart's blood of the well-beloved and only Son of God! You may fly onwards, and the law shall have its sentence fulfilled; the lawgiver who now cries, '*Turn, turn,*' may soon meet you at a corner when you do not expect him---not with '*Turn*' sounding in you ears, but '*Depart,*' for the wages of sin is death.' If there are any of you whose consciences say you are unsaved, and therefore unhappy, either Mr. —— or Mr. —— will, I am certain, be glad to give you personal information and advice. Be not ashamed to speak of your eternal interests, for there will be no shame in the abode of the blessed, or of the lost.

"I have long looked in vain for a letter written by one of yourselves. I trust it will yet make its appearance, and that ere long.

"Yours, with sincere affection.

"M. S."

We find her thus writing one whom she had known from her earliest years, on a Sabbath evening. She chose that season for two reasons, probably—during the week she frequently had little or no time, and on the Lord's day her mind was in good trim for addressing her friends on the subject of their soul's salvation.

"Kilwinning, Sabbath Evening.

"MY DEAR, DEAR CATHERINE,---My class has just dismissed; and in hearing of Mr. M. in the most earnest tone soliciting sinners to believe the gospel, I now write. I have no doubt but the love of Christ constrains him, and so should it us. 'I *know* that *my Redeemer* liveth;' said Job, and, 'He loved *me*, and gave himself for *me*,' said Paul; and surely we have the *same* right to these expressions. Yes, like poor Joseph, let us each say, he died for the chief of sinners, satisfied divine justice for me, whether I believe it or not. It is true, that he *finished* the work necessary to *justify* the sinner---*every sinner;* but God cannot save them without their believing it, as believing is necessary to their being changed, fitted to enjoy his fellowship in time and throughout eternity. Although the constraining love of Jesus must urge us to make *efforts* to save sinners, there is another reason,---one that Jesus himself showed---compassion for the perishing. Oh, how can we think of men and women, with whom we are every day coming in contact, sporting on the brink of eternal perdition, and especially our own relatives! Oh, Catherine, how can we think of seeing them at last on the left hand of the Judge, whilst a look of reproach may sink into our own souls, speaking volumes!—'YE DID NOT WARN ME!' We must pray for them; but if it is correct prayer it will lead us to *plead* with them with tears of bitterest sorrow and deepest compassion—'Be *ye reconciled* to God; he is already satisfied through the death of his Son, his only Son.' 'The effectual fervent prayer of a *righteous* man availeth much.' This cannot mean a man without sin, but a man whose rags are covered with the robe of Christ's righteousness, spotless and *complete*. Oh, what love to guilty us! I have read since I came home the chapter that brought Mrs. G—— to the truth, and have been much struck with it; 1 John, 4th chapter. I do not know when I may see you. Do write me soon; and, oh, *knowing*

that *our Redeemer lives*, let each of us be devoted to do any thing he asks.---Believe me ever,
"Your sincerely attached friend,
"Mary."

She writes again thus to the same friend in March, 1845:—

"Kilwinning, March 11, 1845.

"My Dear Catherine,—I received your kind letter with happiness. I trust a friendship begun in childhood shall ripen as long as we live here, and be ever ripening through all the endless ages of eternity. As you remark, 'let our fruit indeed be unto holiness;' but, my dear C. a *right root* must assuredly bring *holy fruit*—right views beget right feelings; and right feelings right actions. The first lies at the foundation of the two last; yes, I do feel it from experience, that until I knew it to be *true* that God so loved me (because he loved all) as that 'he *hath given eternal life*, and that life is in his Son;'—and that I 'make him a liar if I do not believe it,' I neither cherished feelings of true love nor performed deeds of holiness. 'Oh! herein indeed is *love, not* that *we* loved God but that he loved *us*, and gave his *Son* to die for *us*,' even you, and poor, wicked, hell-deserving *me*. Oh! my dear Catherine, how dare we doubt God's love, for it was 'while we *were sinners* Christ died for us,' and in dying satisfied a just law, for 'God is well pleased for his Son's righteousness sake;'—how then can we be afraid to risk ourselves on this rock,—it cannot fail. He is not well pleased with any thing we can bring for an offering, but he *is satisfied with Jesus for us*; and is it not a sin to doubt this, and fear to meet a *satisfied God?* If spared in health, I expect to be up the week after next, before I go to Glasgow, and then we shall have an interview; but you might write me before that. I have laid open my whole soul to you, and would like you to do the same; surely you can trust me. My kindest regards to your aunt, and believe me ever your attached friend,

"Mary."

She writes as follows to a friend at a distance, who professed to have been recently brought to Christ, and had written Miss S. desiring to become her friend:—

"Kilwinning, March 24, 1845.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Many thanks for your kind letter, which I received yesterday. I have been intending to write you every evening these two weeks past, but business has prevented me. It was not unwillingness to write; no, no, I often remember you. I need not tell you I was cheered with the news your letter contained. Why should not I have been so? Angels had rejoiced over it—our dear Saviour had been satisfied—God himself, even the Father of all, had been glad; and well may we raise our voices, and sing, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will toward men.' Give your dear sister my warmest affections; if we are never permitted personally to exchange them on earth, the blood of Jesus is a sure rock for our meeting in heaven, that land where no sorrow can disturb, nor sin can mar its joys.

'There we shall recount the story
Love's redeeming wonders tell.'

But, my dear friend, there will be no souls to save there—that day of *privilege* will be for ever past. Oh that we may improve it as we ought! *I have not done so;* and the only thought that pains me in the prospect of meeting that dear Saviour who redeemed *us* is, that I have done *so little* for him. The worth of souls made him sweat drops of blood, and weep tears of bitterest sorrow. How very far short we come of its just conception! Yet this we do know, that a soul is not for a moment to be compared to the worth of a world, and do we not see people selling it for less—a little pleasure, a little excitement, or a little money? Oh! that they could be awakened to *think*, to *know*, to *feel*, that, short of eternal life, all is dross, a vapour, a shadow. Well may devils, angels, and a created universe wonder at *man's madness* to refuse eternal life, purchased with the blood of God's Son, and held out a 'gift.' How great their sin, they despise the 'gift,' and in doing so treat God as if he were a liar! I do not know an easier way of getting at the conscience of a fellow-sinner you may meet with, than by asking if he or she *has eternal life?* and on getting the answer, '*I am not sure,*' read to them 1 John v. 9, 10, 11. I can give you no advice, my dear friend, but the one I need myself: 'Abide in the vine and you shall grow.' Keep close close to God; have a constant realisation of his reconciled presence; and oh let us *never* forget that the eye of *our* Jesus is resting upon us! By keeping his company we shall grow like him, and think and feel, and do as he thought and felt and did on earth. What a privilege not only to be ransomed, but to enjoy the company of the King of kings and Lord of lords! One thing that has endeared God to my soul, is seeing clearly that he *could not* let sin pass unpunished. This I gained by understanding Adam and Eve's position in the garden when they fell. The law they got was, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.' Imagine, my dear friend, you see the *trial*—God the Judge, seated on the throne; poor Adam and Eve the prisoners at the bar; the assembled universe, the jury; no difficulty in finding them guilty. God's mercy and love said, spare them; but *justice* and *truth* said, save them and despise us! Had the devil been saved and allowed to remain in heaven, what would heaven have been? Where would have been the peace, and happiness, and safety of its inhabitants? All depended on the keeping of the law. 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' My dear friend, at this awful crisis, had we been holy beings, and looking on, what would have been our thoughts? 'Poor Adam and Eve, *they must die;* God's law *must* be kept; and, besides, they would not now be happy in heaven, even were they there. They doubt God and believe the devil.' At this point God says, '*Save* from going down to the pit; for I have found a ransom'—a ransom to satisfy the law for *all,* and to *change* those who believe it to be true. Well may we say, what a God is our God! I have not given you all the particulars as

I have heard them, but you will see the main point from what is said, viz. the necessity of punishing sin. I intended giving you some account of myself, but I have written so much already, that I must delay. This much, however. Kilwinning is a small village; we have a good trade, which has, and I trust shall, promote God's glory. It is fifteen months since Mr. Kirk held three weeks' meetings here. A good deal of excitement was in the village, and a cry against heresy, it was so *new* for people to be anxious about their souls; but the work went on; sermons were preached Sabbath after Sabbath, and we have now a church formed of thirty-eight members, persons, I trust, who rejoice in Jesus. The gospel is preached in the hall above us, and God shall guide and prosper us. He works through weak instrumentality. They are best suited to his purpose having least confidence in themselves. When I begin to write, I cannot leave off; but it is now late. If you have time, write me often; do not wait for my letters,

> 'For neither time nor space can sever
> Those who are in Jesus joined.'

O let us stir each other up to love and good works. I have felt much for your trying circumstances, but be faithful. Be *a Bible to all;* let every look, word, and action, speak for Jesus, but expect persecution. 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and he shall direct thy paths.' Bring *every thing* before the throne, and place as much confidence in that promise as you do in the *finished* atonement of Jesus. I heard a lecture yesterday on the 51st Psalm. Will you read it for my sake? O it is sweet, *sweet;* and O may you be filled with all the fulness of God to live to his glory! Our time is fast passing; we shall not prize it, till we lose health, that precious blessing. Let us realise the fact that we ought to be faithful 'stewards' in all things, even in buying and selling, and *all that we do.* Did we *consult* our heavenly Father in *all things,* how safely we should walk! May you ere long see all near and dear to you united by the same bond, that at the last

'You all may meet,
No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven.'
'Yours ever affectionately,
'MARY SIMPSON."

In July, 1845, Miss Simpson in company with other Christian friends, paid a visit to a family in the North of Ireland, with whom she was on terms of the closest intimacy. One evening during her stay, there was held a social meeting of the children composing a Sabbath school, taught by her entertainers. During the day she assisted in decorating the room with a profusion of evergreens and roses, in which the children were to assemble. Mr. —— pleasantly remarked to her that she would be expected to address the children at night. This she modestly declined to do. About sixty Irish boys and girls met together. After drinking tea and hearing an address from Mr. ——, they retired to the lawn to enjoy themselves in their harmless play. Miss S.'s heart warmed at the sight. Hastening into the house, where Mrs. —— was engaged in making further preparations for the remainder of the evening, she gave her a well-understood signal to retire with her for prayer. When the door of their closet had been shut, she earnestly implored God to bless the means that had been used, and would that night still be used, to bring the children to Jesus. Her fellow suppliant will never forget the manifestation of deep feeling that glowed in her countenance, when, rising from her knees, she said, "This night will not soon be forgot." When they returned to the room in which the children were again seated, the deep compassion for their souls which she felt had completely overcome her diffidence about addressing them. "Her friends were quite aware," writes the Christian friend with whom she was living, "of her powers of address, but were surprised at the ease, elegance, and unction which pervaded her observations. Every look, gesture, and the thrilling tenderness of her voice, bespoke a soul brimful of love to her Saviour and the souls of the children. Their breathless attention was commanded and sustained for twenty minutes, while she pressed on them the great salvation of Emmanuel. Such was the impression produced, that many of them have to this day a distinct and pleasing recollection of what she said, and it is to be hoped that some of thése little ones, though they have heard her voice but once this side of Jordan, will yet on the other side join her in an anthem of praise to their common Redeemer."

Perhaps some may be inclined to smile at a young woman addressing a social meeting; but when it is remembered that it was composed chiefly of children in whom she felt a deep interest, just such as she was accustomed to witness every Sabbath,—that the Christian brethren present were those with whom she was intimately acquainted, who knew her turn and temper of mind,—that her address produced that night the most powerful impression of any; and, finally, when it is remembered that she was urged to speak by a deep and irrepressible desire for the salvation of her youthful hearers, the smile of astonishment will be exchanged for the hearty expression of sympathetic admiration.

This was the last excursion which Miss Simpson made. When she returned to her own home, that malady gathered and grew upon her which was the occasion of her death. Her friends, now looking back upon the state of her soul when the hand of affliction began to be laid on her, unanimously conclude that she was ripe for the Master's use, in a higher world.

CHAPTER IV.

HER LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

OUR sister had always been considered healthy and robust. Indeed, when we think of the constant activity by which she was characterised—the bodily and mental exertion to which she was ever subjected; we cannot avoid the conclusion that her constitution was one of more than ordinary vigour. And when we, moreover, take into consideration the fact, that at the time when her career was interrupted by the violent hand of disease and death, she was in her very prime—a young woman of 28 years of age—and that, then, she was occupying, not only in the world, but likewise in the church, a place of exemplary zeal and eminent usefulness; her sudden departure, while it sounds forth a warning to the unconverted to prepare for a meeting with their God, likewise calls upon Christians, who perhaps may be imagining that because of the apparent necessity of their continuance on the earth, and the success with which their labours are crowned, they have many years yet to live—it calls upon them to watch and be also ready—to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

During last summer, Miss S. had not fully enjoyed her ordinary state of health. A heavy family calamity had exceedingly weighed down her spirits; and she had caught a severe cold during her excursion. However, we cannot say that any of these occurrences caused her last illness, for she was cut off by an internal tumour, producing dropsy, which probably had been forming for some time, and to which she may have had a constitutional tendency. Being herself ignorant of the nature and source of her growing malady, she complained of weakness and an inability to perform her usual duties, concealing for a time her own fears from her friends, who daily wondered at the change and dejection of her aspect. One day, when a party of her friends had come to see her, knowing nothing of her serious illness, one of them observed her looks curiously changed, and her countenance somewhat sad, even when she was making an effort to join in happy conversation. A month or two after, when her ailment had become known, this friend told her what he observed, and that if he could have found an opportunity he intended to have asked what was wrong with her. "Oh! yes," said she, "I cannot tell you how uneasy I felt—I was like to burst out before you all." As weeks wore on, however, she found it necessary not only to acquaint her friends with her condition, but likewise to call in medical aid. The state of her mind, when she first became aware of the dangerous nature of the malady, may be learned from the following letter, written to a Christian sister, who had accompanied her to the north of Ireland, with whom she had not corresponded since their return:—

Kilwinning, 26th Sept. 1846.

"My Dear A—,

"My mind now rests on the last shake of your hand at Ardrossan, and runs from that forward two short months, and rests on a series of events, which, to the *flesh* are not joyous, but grievous. The cold I caught in going over to Ireland, got much worse after I came home. It has left me, however; but I am *far* from being well. God only knows (and surely that is enough) whether ever I shall enjoy my usual health. I am *afraid not*—*pray for me*, that I may *kiss the rod*, and, overlooking all suffering, be swallowed up in effort to get sinners reconciled to God. The opportunities are in his hand; and oh may they be improved. The doctor appears to think I am affected with dropsy. I was a good deal stunned at the announcement; and even yet I am apt to shed a few tears, which discovers the necessity of the affliction to bend me to '*Thy will be done.*' How different to say this in health, and say it, without hypocrisy, when the prospect of speedy death lies certainly before us: yet it must be, for infinite love and wisdom will do *all* things *best;* and surely we will not wish it otherwise. Every fear, every anxiety is met in the truth—'Having *spared not his Son,*' he shall withhold nothing else that *is good.* Oh, may God guide to this end! He is our God; and shall we not trust him? our rock; and shall we be dismayed? Oh, let us be instant in season and out of season, that he may be glorified in the reconciliation of immortal souls. The one of us may cross the Jordan a little before the other, but our separation will not be long; and, oh, to be with Jesus, that loving and compassionate Saviour!—to see his face, and hear his voice of love. We have not heard yet who is to supply us during the winter. I heard —— is to supply you, Oh, may you work together, in unwavering effort, *to save souls;* and may a great harvest be reaped to the praise and honour of Him 'who endured the cross and despised the shame.' *Try* and write me soon, and believe me ever,

"Your attached sister, Mary."

We see in this letter the feelings of one who for some time had been a secret sufferer—the surprise occasioned by the first intimation of the possible nearness of death — the obedient bending to the will of God—the earnest desire for the good of souls, especially of her unconverted friends. The last of these features is brought out still more prominently in another letter, written on the same evening as the last, to a relation who had greatly disappointed and distressed her by a recent backsliding. On that evening Miss S. had been left alone; the house was quiet; and she seems to have sat down to relieve her depressed spirit by writing to her friends, and, among others, to him after whose salvation she so earnestly longed.

"Kilwinning, September 26, 1845.

"My Dear ——, I now take up my pen to write you a few lines, and oh, may I be enabled to do it in the spirit of love and true faithfulness, as in the prospect of a never-ending eternity. Ever since I knew the truth I have desired that you should *know God* too; and his word declares 'that this is *eternal life*, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.' I have desired your salvation, but I feel that the strongest impulse to that desire was,---I could not bear the idea of your being lost; here I have been wrong, for the strongest impulse ought to have been this:---looking at the love of God---the greatness of it---in what *he has done*, and what *he is doing*, I ought to have desired *your salvation*, that he might be glorified, that Jesus might receive the *end of his death* and be satisfied; *yea, rejoice*. Oh, this is my desire now: I see the love of God, in making an atonement to satisfy a law just and imperatively essential, for your sins: that he is a just God, while he *is* SATISFIED, and standing with open arms to receive the vilest wretch on the face of the earth, as soon as that wretch *is reconciled to him*. This can only be accomplished by knowing him to be justly satisfied, and understanding the greatness of God's love in withholding not even his own *Son*, when divinity alone could bear the mighty load. Oh, to think that a pardon has been purchased by his *heart's blood*, that a three-one God is satisfied, and that sinners *will rush past it all onward to eternal ruin.* My dear friend, shall it be so with you? Oh, look in the face of Jesus---see if you can resist his love, his blood, his tears, while he beseeches you *to be reconciled.* Oh, will God and Jesus *be disappointed in their desire to save you?* It is a light matter that your friend's heart should be torn and shattered concerning you; but oh, the heart of that dear compassionate Saviour, how it desires your salvation, points you to his wounded hands and side, and tells you to thrust *in your hand, as it were*, if common means will not cause you to be reconciled! Death may come at any hour---and as the tree falleth so must it lie. I may have only a short time to live---God only knows (and that is enough). The principal feature of the disease with which I am affected shows it to be one that is, with few exceptions, incurable: so, oh may God enable me to devote unwaveringly every energy, by word, look, and action, in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. I begin with you. *I do wish it*; but God wishes it too. Oh, he is ready with 'the best robe,' and shall he be disappointed? shall *infinite love* be vexed by your still continuing to have *hard thoughts* of him? My dear friend, do write me---do not, *I beseech* you, be afraid to look at yourself, and write me as under the all-searching eye of God, from whom nothing can be concealed.

"Your ever affectionate friend,

"MARY."

By this letter we see into the heart of the friend—the Christian friend—pleading earnestly, yea eloquently with one over whom her soul yearned that he would be reconciled to God. Go thou and do likewise, is the lesson to be drawn thence by every Christian reader. If you saw your nearest and dearest friend hastening with ignorant or infatuated speed to the brink of an awful precipice, would you not use every exertion to interrupt his career, and save him from death, from suicide? Would you not run? would you not cry? would you not weep? would you not beseech on bended knees? *Or would you be ashamed to be seen doing such a thing?* Quite the contrary; you would be ashamed and stung with remorse, if you had not used all the means in your power. O then, my friend, when the death your unconverted friend or acquaintance stands in danger of is *eternal;* when the precipice he makes for overhangs the bottomless pit, can you work with him, can you walk with him, can you eat with him, can you live with him, without entreating him to turn—to turn, lest he die—to be reconciled to God?

Having remained for some time in Kilwinning, nothing benefited by the medical treatment to which she was there subjected, she came to Glasgow for additional advice. Here she was told that the cause of the dropsy was a dangerous internal tumour. Hopes were held out to her that by the use of certain medicines it might be dissolved, and the malady thus removed. On her return home, the prescriptions that were given her (which, for the most part, quite agreed with those which she had received from her medical attendant at Kilwinning), were faithfully and cheerfully attended to, although she was thereby subjected to great pain in addition to that caused by the disease itself. Still she grew worse, the disease increasing to such an extent as to occasion great difficulty in breathing, and general discomfort.

While in this condition, she was seen by a Christian sister on Friday, October 17, in the forenoon. This friend was grieved to see her. Her person being greatly disfigured by the disease.

She was moreover very sick, and altogether looked like one to whom a departure from the clay tabernacle would be a merciful deliverance. Mrs. ——, when engaged in washing her face and changing her head dress, could not help remarking upon the extraordinary state of her body. "O yes," said Miss S. "this body must soon be food for worms; but I know that my Redeemer liveth." Again, when Mrs. —— spoke of the paleness and thinness of her face, she rejoined, "Yes; poor poor faces to spend so much time upon;" meaning that in every instance the hand of disease and death must disfigure the countenance of woman, however beautiful and however much the subject of unavailing care. In the afternoon, she felt somewhat relieved, although still much oppressed. A preacher of the gospel had called to see her before going to his appointed sphere. When he was bidding her farewell, he said, "Miss Simpson, if we do not meet again on earth, we will meet before the throne." "Yes," she replied, "that is delightfully true; yet I have a hope that I will not die now. I think that God is purging me to fit me for greater usefulness; for O, I have not always had a single eye to his glory. No; I have not always had his glory in view."

On that same evening, Mrs. ——, (the Christian friend whom she had visited during summer in Ireland,) came to see her. Miss S. was somewhat enlivened by her arrival, and subsequently remarked that it was quite providential, for on the following day this friend stood by her in an hour of unexpected trial, and moreover had brought with her the very things which the medical men recommended.

On Saturday, the physician whom she had consulted in Glasgow visited her. A consultation having been held by him and her attendant, resident in the place, they agreed upon performing the operation of "tapping." When their conclusion was made known to Miss S. she received it with much pleasure, being eagerly desirous to endure any suffering that would ease her of the heavy load by which she was burdened. She stood the operation very well, which, though comparatively short, is *painful*, and weakening. When it was over, she felt very much relieved. Not only did her body regain its former appearance; her mind also, being delivered from a sickening and oppressive weight, sprung back to its former "joy in God," as the elastic substance bounds up to its original position when the depressing burden is removed. She spoke happily of the faithfulness of God, saying that she had experienced a realisation of his promise, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God." Moving her arms as if she was supporting and encircling some external object, she said, "O, I just felt that the everlasting arms were underneath me and around me."

On the next day (Sabbath 15th October,) her happiness increased. She spoke much of the sweetness of the 23d Psalm. She said, "I could repeat it over and over line by line, so rich it is with comfort to my soul." Indeed, she was so elevated, that she could hardly contain herself. "O woman," in her usual frank style, she said to her friend who was waiting on her, "O woman, I could just sing." When her friend repeated to her the fourth verse of the 103d Psalm,—

"Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;

Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown."

Miss S. suiting the action to the word, raising her arm and gently drawing her hand over her head and brow, as if she had been feeling the coronet of mercies with which the King of Glory had crowned the head of his daughter, she said, "He is just pour——ing——down his blessings on my head. What a happy day this has been to me!" said the exulting invalid, as the Sabbath drew to a close; and when feeling happy herself, she was not selfish in her joy, but evinced a deep anxiety that on that day many sinners might be brought to Jesus. Such ought to be the experiance of every Christian on that holy day, set apart for the worship and enjoyment of God. He ought to feel then personal spiritual happiness, and a Christ-like yearning over the souls of the perishing. Our sister had been burdened with a bodily weight during the week that kept down her aspiring spirit; but when that was removed, on the Lord's day she could sing exultingly for very joy, like Habakkuk of old, and send up the unrestrained desires of her soul for the advancement of the Redeemer's glorious kingdom. So every child of God, although not beset by bodily affliction, is nevertheless clogged in soul to some extent by the cares of the world; and should not such, when the day of rest comes, bury in entire forgetfulness all the concerns of time, sing in the unfettered freedom of Christian emancipation, and set their hearts upon the introduction of sinners into like precious liberty?

It was thought that after the first operation, the symptoms might not return; however, the lapse of a few days made it plain that the source of the disease remained still unaffected. Yet, although the body again became dropsical, the soul of the invalid continued calm and confident in God. She now began to regard death as nearer and more certain than she had formerly done. Accordingly, desirous of doing all the good possible, she began to write those friends in whose welfare she was particularly interested, or to whom she was bound by peculiar obligations.

We find her writing on the 25th of October, to the children of the Christian friend who had opportunely come to visit her the week before. She was very dear to them. They had loved her when at her school in Glasgow, and she had still more endeared herself to them during her summer visit. On the morning of her departure, they had come beseeching her to plant some flowers with her own hands, that might grow up a faithful memorial, little thinking how precious such a flower would by this time have been. Then it was too late; no time was left. "But I'll tell you what you'll do," said Miss S.; "here is a spot of ground; sow the letters of my name upon it, and ere long you will see it waving green before you." To these loved and loving friends, she wrote the following short letter:—

"Kilwinning, Thursday.

"My Dear Young Friends,—When your mother left this on Monday, I said I would write you as soon as I was able, and, sitting up in bed, I now attempt a few lines. I thank you for the nice things you sent me; I prized them very much. Your mother will have told you what I have come through, and I wish to impress by it on your minds the worthlessness of every thing in this world; save in as far as it glorifies God; and this is to be *gained* by our *knowing* more of God, reading more of his Word, thinking on it, and praying to him. My dear Janet and Ann, you, who *know* the love of Jesus, O, when you rise in the morning, let your FIRST thought be gratitude to him for what he has done for you; and, SECOND, how many little children shall I this day tell about him; tell one and *all* what Jesus has done; that God is satisfied; and *beseech them* to be reconciled to him. And, my dear Jane, Sarah, and Ronald, Jesus died for you. Think of it, and it will make you love him too. Perhaps I shall never see you again in this world; but if you all *know* that God is well pleased in Jesus *dying for us,* we shall meet in heaven, where we shall always be with Jesus.

"Your ever affectionate,

"M. SIMPSON."

What an admirable direction is here given to every Christian, old and young! Begin the day with gratitude to God for his goodness, and with the devoted determination to be the means of bringing as many sinners as possible to Jesus Christ. Believing reader, will you not henceforward adopt this as your morning motto?

About this time, several Christian brethren, pastors of churches in which Miss S. was interested, had occasion to meet together in Leith for mutual edification and encouragement. Miss Simpson had been well known to us all. We had enjoyed her friendship; had shared her hospitality; had preached the gospel in the place of her residence; had admired and been benefited by her consecration of soul to God. Her lamented illness being the subject of conversation, the assembled brethren requested the writer to send her, in name of the meeting, a letter of sympathy, and containing also our supplication to God, that in her case he would do all things well. In reply to this friendly communication, she wrote as follows:—

"Kilwinning, Monday.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I received the kind letter, written at the request of the brethren mentioned in it. To each of them I return my expression of gratitude for their sympathy and prayers. I was particularly struck with the concluding quotation: 'The Master is come, and calleth for thee.' It is sweet; oh, the *Master*, the God of the universe, enrobed in humanity incorruptible, and bearing on it the marks of what he accomplished on Calvary! Yes, my brother, appearances say *he is come*, and when he *calls*, I shall mount to be *with him!* Oh, surely I shall be permitted to kiss his feet! Give my kindest regards to each of the brethren, and say to them to 'work while it is day,' '*for the night cometh.*' That *God* may be glorified in the salvation of *many many* perishing sinners, by the instrumentality of each of you, is my earnest prayer; and if I could write you a volume, instead of a page, it would be filled with my most earnest entreaty for you to 'know nothing among men but Jesus and him crucified;' to explain *this* in its 'length and breadth, height and depth, which, indeed, pass knowledge.' I now see more clearly than ever I did, how for *Jesus' sake* we should *beseech* men and women to be reconciled to him. But he doeth all things well. *This* is the position he assigns me now; and what bride has more reason to rejoice than she who goes when called to meet all that is contained in Jesus as her portion? Oh, let love to him constrain you to beseech sinners! I must stop. The disease has assumed no change in its aspect, but '*his* rod and *his* staff they comfort me.'

"Yours, in sincere affection and desire that you may be *useful*,

"M. SIMPSON."

This letter speaks for itself. It needs no comment. O that every professed minister of the gospel would listen to her earnest entreaties! What recollection will be pleasant to the dying servant of Christ? That he has been popular? That thousands hung upon his lips as he poured forth the impassioned appeal on the events of the day, on the shortness of time, or the ravages of death? That he was esteemed the most eloquent man of a country side, or the first man of a body? O no, no, no! If his preaching has only filled his chapel, and has not been blessed to the peopling of the mansions above; if he has only regaled his own ears with the hum of public applause, and has not been used by the Spirit as the instrument of making the sinner sing the praises of the God of love; his past career shall be thorns to his dying pillow; his crowded congregations shall become his numerous accusers at the judgment seat; and poor poor praises, on which he fed here, shall be posted after him to the home of the faithless, and ring in his ears with the most maddening mockery for ever and ever! Let every preacher hear the advice of a humble dying Christian, "Know nothing among men but Jesus and him crucified"—"explain this in its length and breadth, height and depth, which indeed pass knowledge." No subject of discourse save this will be blessed as the means of imparting peace to the soul. The brightness of the preacher's future crown will be proportioned to the clearness and constancy with which he has dwelt here on the unsearchable riches of Christ.

It is observable that the handwriting of the latter part of the above letter is much inferior to that of the beginning. The writer seems to have been in pain, or probably reclining in bed when the letter was written. To this she may refer in the sentence: "*This* is the position he assigns me," &c.

On the evening of the same day, she penned the following letter to her brother, Mr. R. Simpson of Glasgow :—

"Monday Evening, Half-past Six.

"My very Dear Brother,—It is about half an hour since I got out of bed, and have just received your kind and cheering letter. How cheering to hear of sinners laying down their weapons, that they have so long and so powerfully used in the service of the devil, and changing their camp and leader! Oh that Jesus would get more souls to satisfy his longing and compassionate heart! Oh that Christians would 'gird their loins, and have their lamps burning, and *be* like men *waiting* for the bridegroom!' Oh, my brother, how *precious* does my short time now appear, even should I be circumscribed to this chamber! How impure, and unfaithful, and unfruitful has my life been to what it ought, and what it might have been, for the last six years; but oh, surely, if He does spare me, purged from my dross, I shall work for *his glory alone*. To all appearance the 'Master is come, and calleth for me.' His infinite wisdom and love knows best. I am but a speck; and oh, if he pleases to 'come and take me to himself,' is it not glorious soon to be with Jesus, to see his face? and, as Robertson says in his tract, 'to meet the kindlings of that *once* tearless and bloodshot eye,' now full of love!* My brother, oh be more and more faithful, more and more laborious! Oh, for His sake alone, seek, entreat, beseech sinners to be reconciled! I must stop, as I have not great strength. My kindest love to Eliza. I shall be glad to see her when the weather is better; but oh, tell her to exert *all* the influence she has for Jesus, and may each of the children grow up a Timothy in his service! Did his infinite wisdom see fit, I do desire to spend and be spent a little longer in his service; for oh, I have been unprofitable; but when the Bridegroom comes, shall I be sorry? No, no; let me rejoice that I shall be permitted the meanest place in his presence. I think I shall scarcely dare look up, yet, oh, a sense of the love that caused him to die, shall cause me to sing loud and long.

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* Referring to an expression in a "Letter to Mr. Kirk of Edinburgh, by John Robertson of St. Ninians," with which she had been much delighted.

"Your ever affectionate

"MARY."

Surely the heart of the reader is full at the perusal of such overcoming lines. We see here a Christian interrupted in a useful career by sharp affliction, emitting no complaint, rather rejoicing in the rod, looking forward to her meeting with Christ as to a happy meeting of bride with bridegroom, determining to do all she can for God within the compass of her chamber; rejoicing over the salvation of souls; in a word, breathing forth the spirit of the true Christian. Let the infidel come here and see how the religion of Jesus can give contentment in the midst of pain—can gild the future, that is dark to him, with heaven's own light. Let the lukewarm professor come here. Thou that hast a world for thy field, learn a lesson from her who was confined to a closet. Oh, work hard in the service of Christ, else thou shalt deeply regret it! Let the man in quest of triumph over death, come here and learn the true source of it—a satisfied God—a God well pleased with the work of Christ for the sins of sinners. Our sister did not draw her joy from any evidences of Christianity which she saw in herself. She repudiated altogether this ground of trust; she mourned her deficiency in this respect; the cross of Christ was all her boast. It may be yours too, my reader. Behold the same Lamb whom she beheld, finishing the same work for you that he finished for her, and you shall be able to throw down the gauntlet to death, like her, defying him to combat, and shall join her in the marriage song, so loud, so long.

On the 29th of October, she wrote to a lady with whom she had been on terms of the closest intimacy when in Glasgow, which had been interrupted by the allotments of a presiding Providence, who had removed Miss —— to a distant part of the country. Her letter is peculiarly interesting, being among the last written by the beloved invalid; and, although short, shows the faithfulness and tenacity with which the writer clung to former friendships, especially to Jesus Christ, who sticketh closer than a brother, and the humility of spirit that is ever blended with assurance of salvation.

"Kilwinning, October 29, 1845.

"My Dear Mary,—With what *appears* to be the remnant of life and strength, I again lift my pen to write you a parting line. It is two months and a half since I became seriously ill. I underwent a severe operation on the 18th instant; and unless another change takes place than what appears at present, I shall soon, my dear Mary, 'be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.' I felt an earnest desire to write you, although I am very unable. I could not manage it all day, but towards night I have got a little revived. The atonement of Jesus I feel to be a rock nothing can move. God is satisfied with the robe of his righteousness, which covers all my deformity. I can also say, that he is faithful to all his promises, and has been and is still *showing* me that 'if he spared not his *Son*, he shall with him give me all things.' I joy in the Lord, and rejoice in the God of *my salvation*. My dear Mary, these will likely be the last lines I shall ever write you. It does not appear we are ever to meet here; but clothed with the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, shall we not meet at his feet, and sing, in sweetest and loudest strain, 'worthy is the Lamb who died?' I am sorry I have done so little for him. When I look now at his love to *me*, and to *all*, and his anxiety that *they* as well as *I*, should be *reconciled*, I am ashamed that so little sympathy with him has characterized my short life; but, sinner as I am, 'his blood was shed for *me*.' Accept of my kindest regards; give them also to your mother and brother, and, if I am spared for a little, I would like to hear from you.

"Yours, in sincere affection,

"MARY."

It must have struck every reader that in writing of sinners being brought to God, Miss S. has almost invariably used the terms "reconcile," and "reconciliation." These expressions are quite peculiar to her last letters. She seems, towards the end of her Christian race, to have viewed the sinner constantly in the light of an ungrateful and unreasonable enemy, holding out in cruel and criminal hostility against the loving entreaties of a satisfied God. 2 Cor. v. 18–21, seems to have been her Bible abridged. From this passage she besought sinners, stimulated saints, and pourtrayed in favourite colours the character of God.

On Monday, the 3d November, (sixteen days after the first) she underwent a second operation. On this occasion, as on the last, she was sustained by God. About this time, being asked by a friend why she was so happy in the midst of so much suffering, she looked up, and sweetly said, "Who would not that has God for her Father, Jesus for her Saviour, and heaven for her home?"

One evening, at this stage of her illness, a friend called, and before leaving engaged in prayer. His petitions were not sufficiently brief and pointed for our heavenly-minded sister, who, when he had gone, remarked to her attendant, "*I wish that people would just ask what they need.*" She then lifted up her voice and heart to God, *asking what she needed.* Mrs. —— never heard such a prayer. The child was speaking to her Father. Tears streamed down her pale face; the voice of the suppliant trembled, and was almost choked with grief for unconverted friends so that with earnestness of soul, the heart was full nigh unto bursting. Surely such was the "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous, that availeth much."

When the Christian sister, who had hitherto waited on the sufferer, found it impossible to remain any longer, the Lord kindly sent another loving friend from the neighbourhood, who nursed her till the end, an eye-witness of her sufferings, and her glorying in tribulation, and a useful recorder of her many precious sayings, of which the following may be copied as a specimen. She often said: "The grand secret of a really consistent life is, to make the glory of God the *only* object before us; never to regard what the world may say of us; no, nor even what professing Christians may say; but just to act in every thing for *God's* glory, studying only how we may advance the name of Jesus, and never standing in awe of consequences. O that Christians but felt the importance of making *every look*, and *every word*, and *every action* tell *for Jesus*, on an ungodly world!"

She remarked, "One thing in which I feel that I have greatly failed, has been a want of *system* in the duties of religion. I see more and more the importance of this. If the body is not regularly fed, it will soon begin to show unhealthy symptoms; and I see more now than ever I did, that if the soul is not regularly sustained at its Father's table, it, too, will soon grow lean and feeble. Much, *very much*, depends on the morning meal. O that I could only impress Christians with the importance of this! If our morning exercises are hurried; if there is not time for composing ourselves as *really* in the presence of God; if there is not time to *study* a portion of the Bible; if there is not time to consider the probable duties of the day, and to realize the fact that we are *bound* to spend it for God's glory, and feeling our *own* unfitness to do this, to look up to God, and plead his promises for this end, it will be no wonder though our days be unprofitably spent, and if, instead of making rapid progress heavenward, we have to mourn over a much smaller share of enjoyment and usefulness in the service of God than we might otherwise enjoy."

In speaking to preachers of the gospel, she said, "The *very best* model for your life and sermons, you will find in the life and sermons of Jesus. Study *his character*, study *his words*, study *his manner*, also the way in which he met objections, the boldness with which he reproved sin, the kindness with which he bore with the darkness and unbelief of his disciples. Study his every word, his every look, his every action, and I know no better way to become preachers *like Jesus.*

Speaking to a young person one day, she said, "After I first came to the knowledge of the truth, I was greatly benefited by the consideration of three questions. 1st, Why was it necessary that Jesus should die? 2d, What did Jesus *do* in dying? 3d, Why is faith necessary to salvation?"

She often spoke on the last of these. She said, "Many seem quite in the dark about faith, even *Christians.* They seem to think that faith is the *thing*, on condition of which they are to be received into the favour of God; but they forget the reason why God requires faith in order to salvation; namely, that the hearts of sinners are at enmity with God; and were he to take them to heaven as they are, not only would he do violence to all the rules of his moral government, but they would find no enjoyment there; heaven would be hell to them; so that it is absolutely necessary that they believe the truth about Jesus, that they may be *sanctified* and *prepared* for heaven."

To inquiries how she was, her uniform answer was, "very well," often adding, "how can I be otherwise than well, since God has said, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'"

She often said, "I wish every one to understand that it is not because I am some *favoured one*, some special favourite of heaven, that I am thus sustained and comforted. I have nothing whatever but the glorious truth about Jesus to give *me peace*, and *support*,—the glad tidings that God is satisfied with the work of Jesus for the whole world, and therefore for me; and that when Jesus bore the sin of the world, he bore away my sin; so that now I (though a guilty hell-deserving sinner,) can look up to God as my Father, for 'He is well pleased for Christ's righteousness sake.'"

Again she would say, "All the peace and happiness which I now enjoy, is flowing *purely* and *solely* from my knowledge of the character of God, as perfectly pleased with the atonement of Jesus, who is a complete satisfaction to law and justice for the sins of a guilty world; and since God has accepted that propitiation, the guiltiest sinner coming in the name of Jesus must be welcome."

When speaking to sinners of the way of salvation, she dwelt much on Rom. v. 1. She would say, "What could be plainer" it says, 'being justified BY FAITH,' and then just as soon as thus justified, 'We *have* peace with God.' Now faith is just believing a testimony; and what testimony are you to believe?—that '*God hath given* you eternal life,' Remember it is HATH given, it is not *will* give, and, O, does not this let you see that you do not need to wait for salvation? He *hath given*, and O, is it not *absurd* to *wait* for what God hath already given!' "*

Speaking of the difficulties connected with the spreading of the simple truth, and the comparatively slow progress making in many places, in the conversion of sinners, she said, "Ah, there is a great *want* still in the Preachers, and a great, a *very great* want in the Christians; they do not yet sufficiently realise that they are not *their own;* there is too little of the spirit of entire self-consecration in promoting the glory of Jesus. O, if they would only take *God's word,* and treat it *as if it were true,*—if they would only take up the cross and be decided in following Christ in *every* thing, how blessed it would be!"

The intelligence which she received from time to time of the progress of the work of the Lord, was truly refreshing to her soul. "O yes," she would say, "the clouds are breaking, there are glorious days before the church yet." One day Miss M. said to her, if we are spared for perhaps ten years in this world, what great things we may see done for Christ! "Say rather," said she, "what great things we'll DO for Christ, and do not say ten years, but what great things we'll see in *two* or *three*."

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* See 1 John v. 11. The reader will note the difference there is between a presented gift and an *enjoyed* gift. Eternal life is a gift presented, made over to every sinner, but it never becomes a gift really enjoyed by the soul till the sinner believe.

During the whole of her illness her thirst was excessive, and as she was forbidden to drink much, it was at times almost insupportable. At such times she would say, "O, what must be the torment described in these words, 'not one drop of water to cool the tongue!' I never knew before how ill it was to bear." Sometimes she said, "I do not know what you could give me to quench my thirst, but take the Bible and read some of God's promises, and perhaps that will make me forget it for a little." She delighted much in these promises in Isaiah, particularly chap. xl. 28, to the end, also in xli. 10. On this she would say, "He just seems to try how full he can make it, for after saying, 'Fear thou not, &c.' he says, 'I will strengthen thee;' 'surely that might be sufficient;' but no, 'yea, I will help thee,' and then, to crown the whole as if to satisfy for ever every desire that could be excited, 'yea, I will uphold thee.'" After reading these, when Miss M. would ask, shall I read others? she would say, "just read these over again." The 8th of Romans was also a great favourite. Often did she dwell on the verse, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things." "O," she said, "I never saw half the fulness of meaning that is in that verse before, but now I see it fulfilled in my every day experience, I feel it in every blessing I enjoy."

And when speaking of the kindness of God in sending one dear friend, and then another, to remain with her in her affliction, she would say, "O, it's just one of the ALL *things* that he has promised; he knew I needed one with me, and he just sent her."

One day Miss M. repeated the hymn, "Had I ten thousand gifts beside," &c. She was much delighted with it, repeated it after her till she got it on memory, and often afterwards uttered with deep solemnity of feeling the last stanza:

> "Bold in his name I dare draw nigh,
> Before the Ruler of the sky,
> And *all his justice meet.*"

About a fortnight before her death, and when she had been for more than six weeks confined to bed, a friend remarked to her, "Now Miss S. perhaps before other six weeks you will be sitting on that chair, and joining in our conversation round the *fire.*" She replied, "Well, it's possible I may, but it's just *as likely*, that before that time I shall be joining the *song* of the redeemed around the *throne.*"

Meanwhile the dangerous symptoms of her disease were increasing. Her friends thought that the time of her death was very near. One evening, when her brother was preparing to leave Glasgow to see her, as he thought, for the last time, a gentleman called, and the conversation turning on Miss S.'s case, he stated that Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh University, was famous for his treatment of such cases, and had been successful in operating on a friend of his, whose disease had been something similar. Instead of going to Kilwinning, Mr. S. went to Edinburgh, and consulted this eminent physician. Dr. S. being unable to attend personally in the first instance, (though most deeply interested in her case,) sent Dr. Keith to ascertain the exact nature of the disease. Being apprised of this important and trying visit, Miss S. and her friend frequently united in prayer that Dr. K. might be guided correctly in his inquiry, so that the best might in the end be done. When this visit was over, she felt deeply grateful that her Lord had sent him. She did not know which to admire most, his skill or his kindness. After a thorough consideration of the case, she was informed that there was but one way in which there lay the slightest hope of a cure. Dr. K. spake of the severe operation which she ultimately and most willingly submitted to. At first she felt decidedly opposed to the proposal. "Oh, no!" she said, "I would never think of such a thing; I would far rather leave myself in the hands of God. If he wishes me to recover, it is quite easy for him to devise some other means of removing my disease, and if such is not his will, it would be quite wrong to shorten my days, and give me additional pain by this operation." All that day she was very weak, but what she did say was decidedly against it, and when a friend said to her in the evening, that he thought she should submit, proposing, however, to call again on Monday, as she was too weak then to speak about it, she said, "I am almost afraid to see him again, lest he insist on the operation." Dr. Keith had left a book containing an account of a case like hers, in which the experiment had been successful. Miss S. asked her attendant if she might read the narrative. Miss M. replied, "You are too weak, the details are too frightful and exciting. You had better let it alone to-night." "O yes," she replied, "for to-night."

The next day (Sabbath) she appeared to be very thoughtful and said little. Miss M. asked her more than once what she was thinking of. She answered, "Well, many things rise up before my mind, but my thoughts are much away at Edinburgh." (It was intended then, that the operation should be performed in Edinburgh. The increased weakness of the patient was the principal reason for the subsequent determination of performing it at Kilwinning.) Miss M. said, "Why should you be thinking on Edinburgh, Miss Simpson, when you have decided against going there?" "Ah, but," she replied, "perhaps it may be my duty to go. If I thought it were duty, *I would require to set my mind to it.*"

Mr Drummond of Galston was preaching that day at Kilwinning. It was agreed that the ordinance of the Lord's Supper should be observed by the church in Miss Simpson's chamber, as she had expressed a desire to commemorate the death of her Lord, ere she should be taken to be with him. She was greatly supported. The season proved to be one of refreshing to her from the presence of her God. Many wept. As the words of Christ fell upon the ear, "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom," her sorrowing brethren and sisters could not but apply the language to the sufferer before them, as the idea rose and dwelt in their meditative minds, that she would never again taste the symbolical elements before she would behold the object of their grateful memory even as he was.

On Monday she recurred to the subject of her former reflection. She requested Miss M. to write her friends stating the result of the examination, the proposed operation, her own undecided state of mind, her earnest desire for their prayers to God, that he would direct all for his own glory. She dwelt much on these lines,

"Thy way to God commit; him trust;
It bring to pass shall he,"

frequently saying, "Oh yes, I'll just commit it entirely to God. In every step of my journey hitherto, when I have committed my way to him, he has directed my steps, and I am sure he will not leave me now." In the evening, she received a letter from a friend, to whom she was very grateful for past kindness, who remarked to her "that since the operation held out a hope of prolonged life in the service of God, it surely was right to make the trial;" adding, "many have suffered as much merely for life's sake, and would you not be willing to suffer this for Jesus' sake. This seemed to affect her considerably. She often repeated, "For Jesus' sake!" Oh surely I will not shrink from suffering, when it is for His sake. And perhaps he has just placed this in my way, to see if I really will stand the test. I have often said, I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me, but I did not know that I was to be *so severely tried.*" About this time she asked Miss M. to read over again the 42d and 43d Psalms in the metrical version. When she would stop, Miss S. would say, "O read it over again." She loved especially those two verses, the last of which she frequently repeated.

"Why art thou then cast down, my soul,
What should discourage thee?
And why with vexing thoughts art thou
Disquieted in me?

Still trust in God; for him to praise,
Good cause I yet shall have;
He of my count'nance is the health;
My God, that doth me save."

She now began to search more closely for the path of duty. Christians frequently fix upon this without having given mature consideration to the subject, but our sister "pondered in her heart." The following is an outline of her reasoning for and against the operation.—"I have prayed God to discover to us the seat of the disease. My prayers have been answered. Now, there are only two courses before me. I shall either be here for a few weeks longer, and certainly die, or I may submit to the operation in the full confidence that God will glorify himself by it, whatever be the result. First, then, I cannot be of very great use, lying here for a few weeks—I cannot think it my duty to adopt this alternative. And, on the other hand, if God *can* bless those means for my recovery which he seems to have set before me, I may yet be raised up to serve him in the world; at any rate, I do not see how I could satisfy my own conscience, or acquit myself at the bar of God were I to refuse submission to their trial." Again she said, "I feel that there are only two considerations that could have the least weight with me, in opposition to it; 1st, The fear of the dreadful suffering connected with it—(now, it is sinful to shrink from any suffering for Jesus' sake)—joined with the fear of dishonouring God in this suffering, which is a plain distrust of God, for he says, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' 2d, The fear of shortening my days.—Now, I cannot see how that should deter me, for if God see fit to spare me, it is easy for him to prevent inflammation, (which she thought most likely to ensue), and if not, this will be the very time which he sees to be best for my removal." In conclusion, she said decidedly—"Well, I do think it is my duty to submit—I said that God could easily devise some other means, but I was wrong —*that* would be a miracle. Oh no, he seems to have placed this before me, as the way by walking in which I shall glorify him, and if I neglect this, there is no other, so far as we can see." A visitor said to her, one night, at this time, "And would you really like to return to the world?" She replied, "It's not what *I* wish, but what will glorify God—this is the thing that weighs with me. I have no wish to live another hour, if it were not to promote his glory. I am sure it would be far better, were I consulting my own feelings, just to get home at once, when I'm so near the border, rather than be restored to health again and brought through fresh pains of death. It will be a great privation to have come so near Canaan, and after all be sent back to this sin-polluted earth. But if God has more work for me to do in it, I do not desire departure. When I think how much his character is misrepresented here, and the great call there is for those who understand it to labour to clear it, I am quite willing to live for Jesus' sake. And amid all the employments and engagements of heaven, there will be no such honourable work, for there will be no sinners to reconcile."

At another time she remarked, "Oh yes, I know that God will glorify himself in this matter. He has just placed it before me, to try my faith. If it be for his glory, I know that he will restore me, and if not, I am sure that he sees the suffering of this other trial necessary to purify me, and complete my fitness for the pure society of heaven." On reading 1 Pet. i. she was much struck with the first nine verses, especially dwelling on the 6th and 7th. She would remark, "Oh yes, the trial of our faith, though it be with fire, *is* needed to make us meet for the heavenly inheritance."

"What if I just die among their hands?" she said about this time. "Well, it will just be sudden glory! I once thought there were two courses before me, but I now see there is only one. Oh yes, the path of duty is plain, and I *dare not* shrink from it."

Her friends all seemed to concur in the desirableness of making the trial, and on Wednesday morning, 19th November, she requested Miss M. to write to the effect that she was decided to undergo the operation, "for Jesus' sake," should Dr. Simpson pronounce it advisable. Her mind had been slightly agitated before she came to this determination, but now she regained all her former composure and cheerfulness, and truly it was delightful to mark the progress of her mind heavenward. "Never did I witness," writes her attendant, "nor, indeed, had I conceived of such rapid progress in entire conformity to the mind and will of God. I thought her far advanced at first, but as she neared the close of her earthly pilgrimage, every day seemed to bring her nearer to her God, and to assimilate her to himself, so as, indeed, to make it manifest that she had no will of her own, but felt, in all their meaning, the words of one of her favourite hymns,—

> "Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
> And know no will but his."

One day, at this stage of her illness, she received a letter from a Christian lady at a distance, in answer to the last perused by the reader, dated October 29th. There was inclosed a sovereign, as a gift to the invalid, which the writer said she might devote to any purpose she thought best. Immediately after she received it, she was desirous that it should be consecrated to God, and after consultation and prayer, she decided that it should go to assist in defraying the expenses of a series of protracted meetings for the preaching of the gospel, to be held in Kilwinning after her death. On the evening of the following day, one of the deacons of the church called. She gave it to him, remarking, that she had been tempted to apply it for another purpose; but, said she, "It was already consecrated to God, and the temptation was vain."

When she had decided to undergo the operation, she dictated the following letter to the church of which she was a member:—

"To the Church of Christ assembling in Gemmill's Hall,
Kilwinning.

"Kilwinning, November 19th, 1845.

"My Dear Brethren and Sisters in Christ Jesus,—My disease has now arrived at a crisis of great importance—an importance which you, as well as I, must deeply feel. The physicians present only two courses before me; the one is, that, allowing the cause of the disease to remain, certain death must ensue in a very few weeks; and the other is, to submit to a dangerous operation, which must end either in removing the disease, or in hastening my dissolution. I have committed my way unto God, and must believe that he is guiding me, and I see no other course, that my conscience can approve, but to submit to the operation for Jesus' sake, and perhaps God, in answer to prayer—in answer to *your* prayer—may see fit to bless the means, and restore me to work with you a little longer in his vineyard. Oh! it is *only for Jesus' sake* that I have any desire to live, for surely it is far better to depart, and be with him where he is!—I feel assured that the earnestness and importunity of your prayers will be measured by your desire to glorify Jesus. The *three* petitions which I request you most earnestly to plead, are, 1st, That God may be glorified in my bearing the operation; that I may not dishonour his name like Peter, by looking at the winds and the waves; but that, knowing the love, and feeling the presence of him who stands by, saying, "It is I, be not afraid," I may indeed, rejoice with joy unspeakable. 2d, That God may bless the means—knowing, therefore, that the harvest is plenteous, and the labourers are few, ye may plead the command of Jesus, to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers, and ask God to spare me a little longer, if he sees that it will be for his glory. But, thirdly, if he has determined otherwise, and the warfare is soon to cease, pray that a clear view of 'the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off,' may bear me through the swellings of Jordan, 'more than a conqueror *through him* that loved me.'

"And now, my brethren and sisters, I would repeat to you the words of John, 'Little children, *love one another*, for love is of God, and if any man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' Examine more minutely than you have ever yet done, the love of God to you in Christ Jesus, and by it you will be *constrained* to live *for him* 'who loved you, and gave *himself* for you.' Your *blood-bought* privileges are *precious*, and do not esteem them lightly. As you sow, so shall you reap; every hour is precious, and ye are lights in the world constantly surrounded by *death-doomed* sinners; so, my brethren, reflect on the solemnity of the truth, that every WORD, every LOOK, and every ACTION of yours, carries an influence with it either to point them to the Saviour you have found, or to cause them to say, 'Your religion is little more than a name.'

"Praying that there may be added to your number greatly of the saved, and commending you unto God the Father, and to his Son Jesus Christ,

"I remain yours, very affectionately,

"Mary Simpson.

Miss Simpson, with her own hand, appended her signature to this letter. The characters are large, and evidently slowly formed by one writing with difficulty. About the same time she sent the following letter to the Sabbath scholars of Rutherglen Farm:—

"Kilwinning, November 20, 1845.

"My Dear Scholars and Friends,—From a situation, which now appears to me to be *indeed* the banks of the Jordan, and in the anticipation that I shall see your face no more in the flesh, I desire to convey to you by letter *once more* the truths which you have so often heard from my lips; and, oh! how solemn the thought to me now in writing them, that perhaps, while you are reading them, I may be experiencing the full enjoyment of them in the presence of God and of the Lamb. Yes, my scholars, it is *no trifle*, though many of you have treated it as such, that 'while we were yet without strength, in due time *Christ died for the ungodly;*' that 'all we like sheep, had gone astray —we had turned *every one* to his own way, and the Lord hath laid upon *Him* the iniquities of us all.' These are the truths alone fitted to *reconcile* and *change* the sinner; it is this truth that has reconciled and *changed* ME, and it is because *this is truth*, and *God's truth*, that, when my body sinks into the grave, my soul shall mount into the presence of *my Saviour*, to behold Him as he is, and spend eternity in his presence.

"Oh! will every one of you, that cannot say, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, I HAVE peace with God,' listen to me, while I tell you again THIS IS NO TRIFLE; it is a solemn thing to die, to stand in the presence of a Holy God, and meet the sentence of his holy law, 'the wages of sin is death,' with no other covering but your OWN righteousness, which is as filthy rags? Oh, how *can* you, how DARE you, treat the matter lightly, knowing, as you must do, that *your* doom is written in these words, 'The wages of sin is death;' and that, unless that sentence is removed, unless you *know* that it is removed, and unless you know that it is removed in God's being *satisfied* with the death of his Son, you *cannot* escape. Oh, I beseech you, then, 'Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.' Think not merely of the bare statement that Jesus died for the world, and therefore for me, but ask the question, and examine it minutely, What did Jesus *do* in dying for me? God's Word will answer it. It will tell you, that, whilst your sins deserved death, and whilst you were sinners, God sent his own Son to be a propitiation, a satisfaction, for *every sin* of *every sinner*. Read earnestly and attentively the following passages: Rom. iii. 19 to 26, and v. 6 to 11. Surely there are some of you concerning whom I have hope that you are reconciled to God by the death of his Son. To you I would say, The period of our separation will be short; soon you will follow me, soon will we be permitted together to cast our crowns at the feet of our Redeemer, and sing, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.' Is not this prospect sufficient to bear us up, and cause us to rejoice amid all the troubles and trials of life? Yes, *it is sufficient* to lighten up and to cheer the dark valley and the shadow of death. But, oh! remember, while God spares you in the world, how precious every moment is to you, that God may be glorified by your growing in knowledge, and growing in likeness to Himself, and that other sinners may be persuaded by beholding *your* good deeds, to glorify *your* Father who is in heaven, by believing in His Son, and submitting to His reign. *Every word you speak*, and *every action you perform*, either tells *for* or *against* Christ; feel then your responsibility, and, looking constantly at the truth, that you are not your own, but bought with a price, even the precious blood of Jesus, see that you glorify Him in your body and spirit, which are His. Oh! if I could succeed in persuading any of you, who know that *you are not saved*, who *have no* *peace with God*, I feel as if I could speak to you until my words were lost in death. It is true that Jesus died for you, and it is true that God willeth not that any of you should perish, but that all should come unto Him and live; and will you then, whose *eternal all* is in danger, turn a deaf ear to his entreaties, and not turn when you are within the reach of mercy? I beseech you again to read attentively the passages I have quoted; examine them, understand them, *think* what they contain; and, if you do understand them, you will rejoice in the truth, that they tell you of a way whereby, though God be just, He *justifies* you.

"I must conclude; and oh that I may meet *you all* around the throne on high, and many more whom you may be honoured of God to bring along with you. If *one* of you perish, it is your *own fault;* the blame lies with *yourself*, and *yourself alone.*

"With kindest love and affection, I subscribe myself, your old teacher,

"MARY SIMPSON.

"To the Scholars and friends at Rutherglen Farm
"Sabbath School."

On Saturday, Nov. 22d, she was relieved the third time by the usual operation. It was pretty severe upon her, but she bore it with all the firmness of a soul stayed on God. After it was over, Miss M. whispered into her ear the words of God, "I will strengthen thee." She hastily interposed, "Its not 'I *will* do it,' but 'I *have* done it.'—'I *am doing* it.'" On this occasion she dwelt much on Heb. xii. 2d and 3d verses:—"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." She frequently repeated these lines:—

"How bitter the cup
No heart can conceive,
Which Jesus drank up,
That sinners might live!
His path was much rougher
And darker than mine—
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?"

On Sabbath, Nov. 23d, she said once or twice—"This may be my last Sabbath." After the forenoon service, she asked, with the greatest earnestness, "Was it a good sermon? Was the truth clearly set before the sinner?" On Miss M. asking her if she had not been disturbed by the preacher's voice, (the meeting-house being directly above her,) she said, "Oh, no, I liked to hear it, for I thought he was very earnest with sinners." In the afternoon she said, "Oh, surely God will be glorified to-day; and earnestly suggested to Miss M. that they might join in prayer for a special blessing on the preaching of the Gospel." She hereby showed that amid all her weakness and suffering the cause of Jesus was ever uppermost in her heart.

She now expected to hear every day the physician's final decision concerning the propriety and time of the operation; but owing to some delay and misunderstanding in the communication with Edinburgh, day after day passed, and no tidings came.

She would often say, "How strange it seems to us, after we thought all was in readiness, that it should be thus put off! Well, if I did not know that it has all been committed to God, and feel assured that he will order it all for his own glory, I fear I would have been reflecting very much on those who have occasioned the delay;

but I know that he has directed all hitherto, and I cannot doubt that he is working just now, and we shall see a reason for it all yet." At this time she was much impressed with the 130th Psalm, especially the 5th verse—

I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
  My hope is in his word.
More than they that for morning watch,
  My soul waits for the Lord.

"Oh," she said, "how much is implied in waiting on God. You need not repeat any more, that verse will do for this night. Again she remarked, "I had hoped that I would not be called on to suffer another operation before the great one. I feel almost as much afraid of the one as of the other. But it is all well; doubtless God sees that I need to be tried still more, that I may be made more holy. Perhaps he has some work for me *above*, and is just putting me through the furnace, that I may be the better fitted for it when I arrive there. And shall I murmur at any of his dealings? Oh, no; only let his name be glorified,—I am ready for whatever he pleases, —I am afraid of nothing, *but of doubting Him.*" In the beginning of the week before her death, she remarked, "Well, it's a solemn thought that I may be *within eight days' march of home;* but I do not know, perhaps not; *one* thing I am sure of, it shall be well."

Although she took farewell of most of her friends, and often said that in all likelihood the operation would terminate her life, there was a strong impression on her own mind that she would recover. Several times, when conversing with her attendant alone, she said, "Well, Miss M. I don't know how it is, but I never can feel as if I were dying.

Somehow, I always think that it's *too good news to be true.* When I am told of being so near my Father's house, I cannot think that the conflict is to be over so soon. No; I rather think I have much work yet to do for Christ in the world, and that I must suffer for him yet, before he calls me home to rest; but I do not know. One thing I feel quite sure of, that it shall end for his glory. Now, I do not see how God would be more glorified by my death just now, than by my life, the harvest is so plenteous, and the labourers are so few. But *he* knows *best;* he will do all things well."

Her praying friends almost all entertained the expectation that she would recover. On the Tuesday night before her death, she received a letter, which concluded by expressing confidence in her speedy recovery. "Well," she said, "it's strange how every one seems to cherish the conviction that I am to get better." Miss M. remarked, "It seems almost an evidence that God means to restore you. Surely so many children of God, praying in faith, and only desiring the glory of God, cannot be all mistaken." "Well," said she, "I don't know—perhaps it is merely the wish that I may recover, that gives rise to the expectation; and then perhaps God may see that it will be most for his glory *to take* me away just when all are *expecting my recovery,* that he may thus give them a stronger lesson than ever to work while it is *called to-day,* to be *always watching,* and to show them *how vain* are *all* the thoughts of man." As the time drew near, she said, "Now, I told you we should see reasons sufficient for the long delay, and do you not see how much better fitted I am now to stand the operation? Had it been at the time expected, I do not think that I would have had strength to bear it." Miss M. said, "I do think you have got strength both in body and soul since that time." "O yes," said she, "I have got so much more confidence in God, and experienced so much of the fulfilment of his promise,—'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be,' that I feel now as if I could go through any difficulty, because he says, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.'"

On Wednesday, Dec. 3, Dr. S—— of Kilwinning received a letter, intimating to him that Dr. Simpson had decided to come on the following Saturday, for the purpose of performing the critical operation. He immediately walked over and acquainted his patient with the intelligence. Miss S. had not expected this physician till the beginning of the following week. When she heard these tidings, she seemed startled for a little. Half-raising herself, she said, hurriedly, "Saturday, Doctor! So soon as that?" "Yes," said he, "Is that too soon?" Her features instantly regained their former calm expression, as she answered, "Oh, no; oh, no! I will get strength for it. But the preliminary operation, Doctor, when is that to be?" He said, "It must take place to-morrow." To which she answered, "I will only have one full day to gather strength;" adding, with a sweet smile, as she laid down her head again on the pillow, "God will strengthen me."

She then directed Miss M. to write to her friends, telling them of the decision, and requesting them to put up special and faithful prayers in her behalf, that she might glorify Jesus in the trial. It happened that, when she received these important tidings, the church were holding their weekly meeting in the hall above her. She sent a messenger to them to communicate the intelligence—to request their collective prayers before they parted, as well as their family and closet prayers during the days that still intervened. She also engaged one of the deacons to go down to Ardrossan next morning, to tell Mr. Mather how near the day of suffering was, and solicit his presence on the trying occasion.

On Thursday forenoon, when waiting for the doctor's arrival, she said to a Christian sister, "Oh, what would I be to-day, if I had not the Gospel!" She bore the minor operation with great firmness. The doctor said to her, "You're bearing it remarkably well this time, Miss Simpson." She said, "Yes;" after a minute or two repeating the promise—"*I* will strengthen thee;" thereby pointing to the heavenly source of her strength. She did not suffer so much on this as on former occasions of similar trial. She had not been long laid down when she exclaimed, in filial gratitude:—

> "Here I raise my Ebenezer;
> Hither by thy help I'm come:
> And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
> Safely to arrive at home."

She then spoke with great firmness and cheerfulness, to her sympathising attendants, of God's goodness to her soul—of the support she was at the time enjoying—of the full confidence she had in *Him*—of the impression upon her mind that the strength and comfort He had that day granted her, were but the pledge and earnest of similar blessings in a greater degree on the day of her greater need. "I have only one great trial before me now," she said. "This morning I had two; but He has brought me safely through one of them, and I am sure that He who is now with me shall never leave me nor forsake me." Some days before she had been tempted to look at her suffer-at her sufferings. "Now," she said, "that would be like a doubting of God; for he has said, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.' How could I doubt such a God?" said the confiding believer. "If Abraham shrunk not when commanded to offer up his son, in whom his very hopes of salvation were centred, why should I?" She was enabled to calculate calmly, in the following manner, anticipating the worst:—"Well, the operation will probably take twenty minutes to be performed, but these will pass away,—the twentieth minute will come;—then I will probably be very weak for some time, but the pain will not be very great. Then, say that inflammation ensues, *that* will be very painful, but it, too, will pass away. Then mortification will come, when there will be no pain at all; and THEN there will be GLORY! Oh, to be in His presence, and see him as He is!"

During the rest of the day she dwelt much on the loving-kindness and faithfulness of God—the experience she had of his providential guidance and direction in times past, and frequently expressed her assurance, that if she would only trust Him, He would fulfil all his word, wondering and regretting much, as usual, that "so few would trust such a God!" On that day and the following she heard Miss M. read the book of Job. She followed the narrative with deep interest; and when verses were read, in which Job speaks of his great sufferings, she exclaimed, more than once, "Poor Job! Poor Job! He thought that God was hiding his face in displeasure, and leaving him to struggle with his afflictions alone. Oh, how wretched would I be now, were that the case with me!" "But, oh! how different, how widely different it is! I am in affliction, but not only is

God *with* me, I know that *He is bearing it for me;* for he has said, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee:' and now that I have obeyed Him, I have nothing to do but to wait on Him."

On Friday, Miss M. had occasion to write to Miss S.'s brother concerning some necessary arrangements. We find a postscript to the following effect, dictated by Miss S. a sufficient index to the state of her mind in the prospect of the next day's suffering:—"*I know, and I feel the presence of the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth,* MY GOD, *and* MY REDEEMER. *He is with me.*"

In the evening, on being asked, "What if, by this time to-morrow night, you be joining in the song of the redeemed before the throne?" "Well," she instantly replied, "I shall be very happy if it should be so; but I do not think I shall be there by that time,—somehow I do not feel as if my work were done yet." While preparations were being made in her apartment for the ensuing day, she looked on with great composure and cheerfulness. At worship she requested that two verses of the 23d Psalm should be read for praise. The nurse, Miss M., her sister, and the beloved invalid herself, joined in singing the following lines of David's ancient song, she raising the tune:—

"Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for ever more
 My dwelling-place shall be."

Oh, interesting, thrilling scene! Proof of the power of the Gospel! Unanswerable argument on the side of Christ's religion! An infidel dare not approach it! It is too sacred for his impious presence! It bids stern defiance to all the sarcasm and sophistry of the Prince of Sceptics! Miss Simpson once said to a Christian sister, "I think the angels will be waiting on me, to take me home." If they had by this time arrived for the happy convoy, surely they would lend an eager ear to the plaintive yet confiding strains of that evening hymn,—surely "God would look down from the height of his sanctuary, and behold the earth from heaven, to hear not the groaning, but the anthem of the prisoner"—And Christ would see that the 'place' was in a state of final readiness, which He had been 'preparing' for the soul of this suffering sister, whose tranquillity and triumph, although expressed in the mildest music, sounded forth a tribute to the power of his cross, that rose far above the jeers of the living and the blasphemies of the lost!

This night Miss M. said to her, "If we should have no more sweet seasons alone on earth, I am sure that we have hitherto enjoyed much happiness together." She replied, "Yes; but that's not the best of it; the long eternity is yet to come." When they were about to part for the night, she said, "You will not be permitted to be with me to-morrow during the trial; but, oh, pray! and be sure you pray in faith, in fullest confidence that God will answer." Miss M. said, "But, dear Mary, I cannot pray in faith for your life; we have no promise for that." With emphasis, she replied, "I do not ask you to pray in faith for my life; I do not ask you to pray for my life at all. I have no wish to live, unless God sees it to be for his glory; but I wish you to take the promises of God that he will glorify his own name, and plead them in the unwavering confidence that whatsoever he has spoken shall come to pass."

At length, Saturday morning, 6th December, dawned, and the eyes of the invalid were opened to see it. When Miss M. went into the room, she smiled, and said, "What a poor *poor* creature I would be this morning, if God were not my portion! I would be thinking of one thing and another, all in agitation, but"—"Fear thou not, for I am with thee;" (as if she had said, "you know the passage, and the promises, too. I need not quote them to you.) On being asked how she had slept, she said, "Very well, indeed; how could it be otherwise, when He who neither slumbers nor sleeps was with me?" She seemed rather more thoughtful than usual, and spoke little, evidently wishing to avoid all excitement; but her countenance bore the same sweet, calm expression, her eye beamed as brightly as ever, and all her words showed that her soul was resting on God.

Mr. Mather and her father came with the morning train, and joined in worship with her.

"I received a message from her, (writes Mr. Mather,) requesting me to be present, and, according to her own desire, I was there three hours at least before the medical gentlemen arrived. I went with a view *to fortify her mind*, and to go with her to *the Best Friend* for all needful strength and comfort. But her mind was so elevated, and her heart so full of sweet peace in Jesus, and her expressions of her confidence and hope in him, *whatever might be the result* of the operation, were so copious, that I had very little room to say any thing. Had a *visible* messenger come from God to tell her that in a few hours, as a blood-washed spirit, she should appear in the presence of the eternal throne, crowned with the crown of righteousness, and sceptred with the triumphal palm, I am not sure that she could have given us greater evidence of peace of mind and joy of heart; and yet her views and feelings were not exactly those of a dying person; for she had certainly a hope, though but vaguely defined, that she might survive the operation, and recover health, otherwise, I believe, she would not have submitted to the torture. The state of her mind, therefore, I doubt not, arose from the blessed conviction that 'the Master who had come and called for her,' would be with her *in any case*: hence her heart was in sweet harmony with the petition, 'Thy will be done.'"

A little before twelve, when the doctors were expected every minute, the nurse having left the room for a little, as Miss M. approached her, the invalid fixed her eyes on her with a look of such heavenly expression as she never saw, and said with such emphasis as she shall never forget, combined with deliberate calmness of voice and manner, "THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT HAS COME!—FAITHFUL TO HIS PROMISE!" She paused and then added, "HE IS WITH ME!—HE HAS COME BEFORE ANY OF THEM!" After a pause, Miss M. said, "You *feel* his presence, then?" She replied, "Yes, I *know* it, and to *know* it is to *feel* it!"

Much sympathy was excited in Kilwinning by Miss Simpson's case. She was well known and well beloved. She was universally admired (we are not aware of using too strong an expression,) for her industrious, obliging, consistent, and Christian walk and conversation. When Dr. Simpson, accompanied by Dr. Keith, and several professional gentlemen, were on their way from the train to the house of suffering and resignation, almost every door was filled with spectators. Several had not slept during the previous night for her who, leaning on the bosom of Jesus, had slept soundly. Dr. Keith, having formerly visited the daughter of affliction, immediately on his arrival, went into her chamber. With great kindness, he said, "You're not afraid, Miss Simpson, are you?" "Oh, no," she said, "I cannot be afraid; for, (keeping to her favourite promise,) *He* says, 'Fear not, for I am with thee.'" Her sister came into the room weeping. She looked earnestly at her, and said, "Oh, H. what's the meaning of this? What's the use of our faith in God, if it does not sustain us in the midst of suffering?" Miss M. then said, "Shall I leave you?" She answered, "Oh, yes," adding with the greatest cheerfulness, "He is with me."

On Mr. Mather entering the room, along with the medical gentlemen, Miss S. whispered to him, "All is well." The operation was begun at ten minutes past one o'clock, and was all over in twenty-four minutes. The patient bore her sufferings very well. We understand that all the spectators admired her gospel-given fortitude. She said nothing during the trying time, save occasionally, with suppressed voice, "*My Father!*" "MY FATHER!" "*My God!*" "MY GOD!" Mr. Mather writes, "I am satisfied that the operation was very skilfully performed, and the appearances answered nearly in all respects to Dr. Simpson's previous description.* The beloved patient was reduced to a state of extreme weakness. She never spoke after she was laid back on her couch, except when she softly asked for necessary things, or whispered in faint monosyllables concerning the pain of her body, or the peace of her soul. Her anxious attendants, feeling how much depended on keeping her perfectly quiet, studiously avoided every unnecessary word. Towards Sabbath morning, her countenance was changed; but her fond friends, ever hoping the best, would not entertain the idea that this was the harbinger of death. She had been so much drained of strength by the sore ordeal through which she had passed, that her bodily powers were completely paralysed. Miss M. said once or twice, "Oh that I could relieve you! but the eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Mary whispered, "Yes." Observing her evidently getting worse, Miss M. asked, "Beloved Mary, are you happy?" Again she whispered assent; and truly, though she was unable to say more, the calm and heavenly expression of countenance that betokened a soul resting on God, eloquently expressed her peace. As she drew nearer her end, her weeping friends asked her several times how she felt, but she took no notice. Heaven was "opening on her eyes, her ears." When she had become speechless, she held out her hand, and warmly pressed Miss M.'s, and her sister's. Up to the hour of her death, they held each one of her hands. When death drew near, she looked at her sorrowing sister, and spoke not;—again she looked a long look, and spoke not, and still she fastened on her an eager gaze, as if she had wished to put language in her look, to say, "See that you endeavour to supply, or more than supply, my place towards your sister, your neighbours, and the church," as if she wished to bequeath to her the advice which she had given her on a former occasion: "Do not weep, for in a few days or years at most you will follow me,

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* We cannot forbear to record our high admiration of the unwearied attention, and truly disinterested benevolence, manifested by Dr. Simpson in this trying case.

Oh, live for the glory of God! Oh, live for the salvation of souls!" It was now half-past six o'clock on Sabbath evening, December 7th, about twenty-nine hours after the endurance of the operation. Mary Simpson had lived twenty-eight years save four days. She had lain motionless on her bed since two o'clock of the preceding day. It is remarkable that at this time of the evening she suddenly raised herself up, and drawing the clothes around her, as if she had felt somewhat cold, like one about to take a long, *long* sleep, breathed away her delivered soul into the paradise of God. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

When we think of the sufferings that marked the close of her career, we may find upon our tongues the sorrowing exclamation, "Poor Miss Simpson!" but when we think how she has gone to a *wealthy* place, where are "pleasures for evermore," we send after her our congratulating "All-hail! sister, unsearchably rich." And although we cannot but feel a sympathetic grief at the remembrance of her excruciating and repeated pains, we may rejoice that her joy is intensified by these, for,

> "The more we toil and suffer here,
> The sweeter rest will be."

A hardened criminal once remarked, when on the brink of an ignominious grave, "I'll soon know the grand secret." Our sister has by this time learned it on the bright side of the cloud. Oh! what a sight must have burst upon her newly released soul, even while her friends were looking upon the last quiver of her lips, and closing her sightless eyes! We know nothing of the land, or of its beauty. But this we know, that

"Regions unknown are safe to us,
When Christ our friend is there."

During the day of Miss Simpson's funeral, the sky had been overcast, and the rain heavy. In the evening the clouds had cleared away. When passing by the gate of the old church-yard, one could hardly help looking up the dreary aisle, and the eye of an impressed imagination might there see the form of our departed friend, beckoning away the living to active exertion in the cause of God, ere the night of death should come, when no man can work. The moon shone bright on her cold lonely grave, but surely the face of her heavenly Father, in promised Paradise, shed the brilliancy of its unborrowed light upon her emancipated soul!

As we remarked in the introduction, truly blessed results followed this mournful dispensation. Miss Simpson had expressed a desire that her esteemed friend, Mr. Kirk of Edinburgh, should come to Kilwinning and preach her funeral sermon. One day, when her brother, Mr. Simpson of Glasgow, was with her, with her eye resting on Mr. K.'s portrait, which hung on the wall of her room, she remarked, "I maintain unbroken, unfeigned, and increasing attachment to Mr. Kirk, as I have great reason to bless God that I ever heard him speak." (Here she referred to clearer views of the love of God obtained under Mr. Kirk's preaching, which she distinctly mentions in letters that have passed through our hands.) Continuing her remarks, she said with the greatest calmness, as if giving directions for the performance of some ordinary worldly business, "ask him to come down and improve my death, by preaching to the unconverted in Kilwinning. What passage would do best for a text to him?" Pausing for a little, and meditating, she continued, "I would like some one that would bring out most prominently the character of God as seen in the finished work of Jesus. Oh! yes, this one will do. 'As though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.'" (Her favourite passage.) The repetition of these words seemed to fill her heart with renewed joy, and her eye beamed with increasing interest, as she sought to mark out the preacher's path. She did not wish herself to be praised. No! No! This was the message she wished to be pressed home:—"Oh! let him show the awful necessity of their being reconciled to God, and enforce upon them the truth, that God *cannot* save them unless they be reconciled."

On the succeeding Sabbath, Mr. Kirk preached in Kilwinning; the hall was crowded during the three services. In the afternoon, Mr. K. preached the sermon that is appended to this Memoir. We understand that at least one soul professed to receive spiritual benefit. The writer may add, for the sake of showing the interest Miss Simpson's death excited, that being requested to improve it in his own chapel in Glasgow, on Sabbath, 14th Dec. he intimated from the pulpit, that on the evening of the next Lords' day he would preach a sermon suited to the occasion. This simple announcement crowded the house to such excess that many could not gain admission. There could not be fewer than 1500 present. He chose the text which she herself selected. He is happy to be able to add, with humility of soul and gratitude to the Holy Ghost, that he has more than once heard of good received under "Miss Simpson's funeral sermon." Besides instances in which individuals were aroused that night, and subsequently brought to the peace of the gospel, more cases than one have come to his knowledge of professed conversion on that occasion. One man came to him on the Monday following, and told him, how "last night he had found the Lord." And just this week a visitor came into his room, who, when asked when he had come to the full knowledge of the truth, unhesitatingly answered, "the night you preached Miss Simpson's funeral sermon."

It may likewise be added, that the Church in Kilwinning still goes on prosperously, although its members are not insensible to the loss of their departed friend. Her remains lie in their town. Whenever they are tempted to sin, or to grow lukewarm or remiss in the cause of God, let them reflect or look upon Miss Simpson's grave, and sure are we that the sight or the thought, when joined to the remembrance of former days, and the prospect of future glory, will support their yielding hearts, and stimulate their flagging zeal.

And ere we leave the life, the death-bed, and the grave of our now glorified sister, is there no practical lesson to be learned?

The heart of the writer is full. He eagerly wishes for words to express his feelings. He prays the Holy Ghost to enable him to occupy with effect, for a brief space, the commanding vantage ground of Miss Simpson's history, in appealing to the reader, be he careless, inquiring, or converted.

1. Has the reader been all along careless? And is he still careless? Oh! hear words of warning, of entreaty, of threatening! "*What shall it profit*

a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" "*Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life.*"

Do you wish to know exactly whether or not you are in a safe state? There are only two classes of individuals recognised in the Bible—believers and unbelievers—converted and unconverted—Christless and Christians—regenerate and unregenerate—safe and unsafe. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Have you been born again? Do you say, "I don't know." "Hark from the tomb, the voice which you heard speaking to you in the past pages, 'I'm not sure' and 'No' are just the same thing." It is *impossible, from the very nature of the case,* for you to be converted, and all the while be ignorant of it, since "peace," "joy in the Holy Ghost, "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God," are most undeniably set down in the Scriptures, as the consequences and proofs of the new birth. Oh! then, if you have been subjected to no change similar to that experienced by the subject of the preceding Memoir, know that you are in danger—in danger of hell-fire. Oh sinner, beware!

2. Is the reader exclaiming, "What must I do to be saved?" with the jailor of Philippi, or with the convicted on Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Oh "hear, and your soul shall live!" "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound!" We wish to take a short but Scriptural way with you. We take it for granted that were you to be placed on a deathbed, as Miss Simpson was, you would be afraid. Now, say, what would make you afraid? Would it be your colour, or your kindred, or your country?

Nay, verily, you would be afraid to die, because of your sin—your sin alone; and well you may, if that sin be unforgiven, for "the wages of sin is death." We wish you to have this laid down as an admitted fact, that sin alone makes you afraid to die; that if you had no sin, you would not be afraid to meet God, and, consequently, that if you could see your sin borne away, atoned for by another, you would wipe away your tears, and chase away your fears.

Suppose, then, that you admit your sin to be the only cause of your terror, how can you ever obtain peace to your soul? If a man be afraid to walk homeward in a dreary winter night, because of an assassin, who, he surmises, is waiting to surprise and murder him, how can this man obtain peace on this point? Simply thus: if the officers of justice go before him, search for the assassin, seize him, bind him, and *bear him away* before the eyes of his intended victim. Now, you are afraid of your sins, your sins alone; these make you afraid to die. How can you obtain peace with respect to these sins? If you have followed our simple illustration, you will be ready to say, "if some one come and bear my sins away." Now that is just what Christ has done. What gave Miss Simpson peace on her deathbed? Her works? No. As you shall shortly see in the annexed funeral sermon, she entirely renounced every thing of her own as a ground of trust. She obtained peace from the truth that, although she was chargeable with many sins, which might well crush her down to hell, *Jesus Christ died for her sins, satisfied God for her sins*, in fact, *bore away her sins;* for thus John Baptist spoke: "Behold the Lamb of God, that *beareth away the sin of the* *world.*" Christ "bore away our sins" in this sense, that he suffered the punishment due to our sins, so that we are as free to God's favour, for Christ's sake, as if we had never sinned. Now, did her good works make it true that Christ died for her? No. She did not get into Christ by her good works, but she got into her good works by Christ. She knew that Christ died for her, because he died "for the world," and therefore for her; "for sinners,' and therefore for her; "for all," and therefore for her; indeed, "for the whole world," and therefore for her.—See Luke ii. 10; John iii. 16, i. 29, iv. 42, vi. 33, 51; 2 Cor. v. 14, 15; 1 Tim. i. 15, ii. 1-6; Heb. ii. 9; 1 John ii. 2, &c. &c. Now, you may equally with her believe that Christ died for you—bore away your sins—and then what reason will you have to fear? Oh, it is happy truth, exactly opposed to the truth which makes you afraid, that brings peace to your soul! If you are afraid on account of your sins, rejoice because "Christ was made a sin-offering for *you*, that *you* might be made the righteousness of God in him"—that "he, the just, died for *you*, the unjust, that he might bring *you* to God"—that "he is the propitiation for *your* sins." O, that word propitiation! It is precious! It is pacifying! It means *satisfaction*, and thus shows the smile of good pleasure that brightens the face of your Heavenly Father. O sinner, however great your guilt,—since the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin,—"acquaint now yourself with Him, and be at peace;" and if you constantly keep looking to the cross, the only source of happiness and holiness, "your peace shall flow like a river,"

"Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your soul in death."

3. Is the reader, "a child of God by faith in Christ Jesus?" Surely the preceding pages have contained instructive matter for you. Learn, from the life of our departed sister, to set your eye upon the heavenly goal, to study the brightness of your crown, to aspire with holy ambition after uncommon Christianity, and the salvation of souls. Like her, examine well the foundation on which the hopes of your soul are deeply fixed. Like her, lean all your weight upon the work of Christ, and never think of trusting to your services, which are but the proofs of your salvation. Like her, in whatever circumstances you are placed, be contented, cheerful, and industrious, ever looking about for the path of duty, although the path of sacrifice. Like her, preserve spirituality of mind in the midst of engrossing engagements. Oh, like her, seek, under the imploring Spirit, to bring as many souls as possible to the knowledge of the truth, exhibiting the love of Jesus in the Sabbath school, in the prayer meeting, in the place of business, by letter, by look, by speech, by *conduct!* And then, like her, when "your Father calls you home," however severe shall be the soul's last struggle in leaving these confining prison walls, your last words shall be words of peace and triumph, remembered and recorded for the good of survivors, and, like her, you shall be greeted, on your arrival in Zion, with the King's inspiring welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord." So be it! Amen.

SERMON

PREACHED ON OCCASION OF HER DEATH,

On SABBATH, 14*th Dec.* 1845,

BY REV. J. KIRK, EDINBURGH.

2 COR. v. 20—"As though God did beseech by us, we pray in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Our object at this time is not to trace the history, or to illustrate the character of a departed friend. This will, in some measure, be done in a published memoir. You are not called to follow a tried Christian through a most eventful life—nor are you called to stand by the silent grave to mourn over the dead—nor are you to imagine yourselves lifted to heaven that you may behold its glories, and mark that one well-known voice has been added to the number of its happy choir. You are called to a place of far deeper and more heart-searching interest than either. You are to stand by the dying pillow of the believer—you are to listen to the out-poured heart of one *ready*, and on the very eve of meeting God in death.

Surely I may well calculate on your listening with even more than usual attention when such is the case. You can imagine the scene—you can hear that well-known voice. It is a solemn message from a solemn place, to which you are called to attend. O! that God may enable me to speak, and that you may be induced to hear, as becomes the impressive solemnity of our all-important position.

It was the special request of our beloved sister, when she saw heaven near, and earth about to vanish from her, that I should "improve her death to the people of Kilwinning;" and the text she assigned me was this—"As though God did beseech by us, we pray, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Our duty then, is plain. We are at the death-bed side of no ordinary Christian—we are prepared to be silent, and to listen with deep reverence. O! how deep the reverence, when it is "as though God did beseech us?"

I.—LET US CONSIDER THE OBJECT SOUGHT IN THESE WORDS.

It is *reconciliation*—it is peace, or the pacifying of the soul of guilty man—it is the pacifying of man towards God.

1. *Observe it is not the pacifying of God.*—O! how many are misled by this error.—they suppose that God is not pacified towards them. Do I not address some who are afraid of God? Why are you afraid? It is because you think that God is not pacified towards you—it is because you believe him to be an *angry* God to you. Now, this error is sufficient of itself for your eternal ruin; —how can you ever be reconciled to an angry God? Such reconciliation is impossible. How clearly the light of a near eternity made this truth shine upon the mind of our departed sister! She said, when speaking to unsaved souls, "O! you do not need to reconcile God." No, my fellow immortal, God is love, and his justice is fully satisfied for your every sin. How, otherwise, could he beseech you to be reconciled to him?

You may be ready, perhaps, to suggest to me the statement that God "is angry with the wicked every day." O! distinguish in this case between anger *for* the soul, and anger *against* it, and you will see that even God's displeasure with the wicked is one of the greatest proofs that, in the most important of all senses, he is to them *a well-pleased God.*" What is it with which God is displeased? Is it not with the sinner's *refusal* to turn and enjoy his mercy? "Yet ye have not *returned* unto me, saith the Lord." An angry God; angry *against us*; hating us because of our sin, could never *wish our return.* He would drive us from him if we tried to return; but O! our Lord *delighteth* in mercy, and is only angry at the sinner's refusal to be forgiven, and saved with an everlasting salvation. It was by perceiving this important distinction, and also perceiving the sense in which the unsaved soul believes God to be angry, that our sister was enabled and constrained to exclaim, "O! God needs not to be reconciled to you—God is love—all love to you—be ye reconciled to him."

2. *Observe it is not peace with yourself that is sought.*—It is not the reconciliation of the soul to its own feelings that God is seeking. Multitudes are misled again by this error. They are heard saying, "We have no such *peace* as we see some enjoying." They mean such *peace,* in thinking of themselves, or of death, or of judgment. They do not mean such peace in reference to God.—Now, my dear friends, we read that the soul of Jesus was *troubled,* but he never needed to be reconciled to God. O! it is important that you should make a clear distinction here. What is wanted is not peace with yourselves. It is not that you may be able to look within and exclaim, "all is well *here.*" It is that you may be reconciled to God, and, looking into his mind towards you, that you should be able to say, "*all is well there.*" Our dear friend was

often heard to say "What am I? a poor worm of the dust." But she would rejoice to exclaim in the words of God, "Fear not, thou worm Jacob,"—"I have redeemed thee—I have called thee by thy name—Thou art mine." O! it was thus she delighted to put herself out of sight, enquiring with deep self-abasement—"Who is a sinner like unto me?" that she might exclaim "Who is a God like unto thee." O! my hearers, think of this spirit of God-glorifying humility, and see how much it implies.

3. *The object sought is the reconciliation of your mind to God.*—If man is to measure the mind and love of God by the standard of his own, he will never realise this most God-like truth. Here is not the injurer seeking the mercy of the injured, and seeking to move his heart to pity and forgive; but here is the injured—the just God—seeking the unjust sinner, in order that he may be induced to put away his fears, and receive a full, free, and everlasting pardon! This is like God! O! my hearers, allow all your merely human ideas to be overturned. Take into your minds the truth that is truly divine, and see that it is God who is seeking to please and to pacify you, that you may cease to dread his coming, and be united to him in everlasting love. What was it that constituted the soul and substance of all the blessedness of our departed sister? It was this:—She could look at the face of Jehovah, and, knowing that he was well-pleased she could do so with perfect, though with deeply reverential peace. I know she could not for a moment look with peace upon herself, for she felt herself a sinner—only a sinner—only a chief sinner. An aged person called upon her one day, and began to say that now she would have "great satisfaction in looking to her evidences." She became exceed-

ingly excited, and said, "NO, NO, NO; the ONLY ground of my hope is just the truth about Jesus. O! my friends, Paul, inspired by the Spirit of God, took the same soul-humbling stand—"God forbid," said he, "that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ." She rejoiced to exclaim with the dying Wesley:—

> "I, the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

O! how she shrunk from the idea of peace from her own heart! But she looked *from* her heart, to the countenance of Jehovah She knew that he was *well-pleased*, and *his good pleasure* filled her soul with satisfaction! She was reconciled to God. O! my hearers, what a blessed condition! O! how blessed to live thus! How unutterably blessed thus to die!

II.—LET US CONSIDER THE MANNER IN WHICH THIS GREAT OBJECT IS SOUGHT.

Trusting that you have now a clear idea of what God seeks with you—that he desires to *pacify you*—to dismiss your fears, and to fold you in the arms of his tender friendship—I earnestly request your attention to his manner of effecting this great and happy change.

1. *A dying voice is used to entreat you.* O! is there not something peculiarly powerful in a dying voice. The earnest eye is fixed upon you: it is the *soul itself* that looks towards you. The inmost heart pours itself out in these *emphatic* words—they are really last words,—they are uttered with that firm but tender force with which *eternity* inspires them: and O! my fellow-sinner, think of the responsibility laid upon me when I tell you, that as our departed friend gave her brother this

text for me, she said, "O! let him tell them how *important* it is to be reconciled to God! Let him show them the absolute impossibility of God's saving them without their being reconciled." O! surely, surely, God is using *strong* measures with you to-day, unreconciled sinner. Surely *now* is the accepted time—surely now is the day of salvation!

2. *The voice of his apostolic ambassador is used to entreat you.* It is Saul of Tarsus who speaks in these words. It is the man to whom Jesus appeared on his way to Damascus, and to whom he committed the ministry of reconciliation. As truly as if that great apostle stood before you,—sustained and directed by the Almighty Spirit of God, exclaimed, "be ye reconciled to God," so truly does he now address you. But we must leave the dying—we must lose sight even of the great Apostle, for a greater is at hand.

3. *It is the voice of Jesus you now hear.* It is important to notice the full force of the expressions, "We are *ambassadors for Christ;*" and also, "We pray *in Christ's stead.*" They lead us to the position of the ambassador. He does not only plead the cause of his King; but he pleads in the place of the King. Thus he brought all the influence of Jesus' presence and powerful love to bear upon them. It is to this end he exclaims, "WE PRAY YOU IN CHRIST'S STEAD." He says, "God *was* in Christ reconciling the world to himself." This evidently refers to the time when Jesus was on the earth, when in person he entreated a guilty world to be reconciled to God. Now, when Paul wrote, Jesus had ascended, and God appointed ambassadors to act instead of him. Their word had all the authority of his word, for it was just the expression of his heart. O! think, then, my

hearers, of the meek and lowly Jesus as standing before you;—think of him as he stood before Thomas and showed him his hands and his side. He shows the same this day to you. These wounds are significant; they mean enough to pacify the wildest terrors; they mean enough to melt the hardest heart. Only look to them, and with the changed disciple you will exclaim, "My Lord and my God!"

4. *But, O! remember it is God himself who stands before you.* I know that the whole heart of our beloved sister burned within her as she dwelt on these words,—"As THOUGH GOD DID BESEECH YOU." O! how infinitely precious to a dying saint to know that this is the God they go to meet in glory! What a contrast between her experience even from this one point, and that of some here, who are afraid of God! You regard him as not worth caring for, perhaps; or, if driven from this, you regard him as angry, and anything but *love* to you. Perhaps you are willing to grant that he *loves* them who love him; or those who believe him, and trust him aright; but you have not yet seen him condescending to plead in love with his worst enemies to be reconciled. Whether you believe it or not, my hearers, it is so. God is in this place to-day;—he is here before you;—he condescends to beseech you to be his friends. Amazing love! O! God-like tenderness! Poor, blind, misguided soul! will you still resist the tender entreaties of this most benignant One? Will you really still be afraid of God? Is it his entreating eye that terrifies you? Is it his tender voice? Is it his infinite compassion? Is it because he condescends so far as to plead with you

in his own person? Is it because he points to the cross where all your sins were atoned for? Ask your own soul why it is afraid? O! you will find no reason but this,—Satan, the devil—the *calumniator* has got you to believe that Jehovah is an ill-pleased God. This lie is credited. You believe it;—you refuse to believe God. O! it is this fearful and most presumptuous crime, and this ALONE that keeps the soul afraid of him.

III.—LET US NOW CONSIDER THE REASONS WHY THIS RECONCILIATION IS SOUGHT.

On one of her most trying days—by far the most trying of her sorely tried life, our beloved sister said to another dear friend who was communing with her, "I delight in that passage, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee by the right-hand of my righteousness.' I delight in that she said, for it contains a command AND A REASON." On the day of her last trying operation, a kind medical friend came to her bed-side, and asked very tenderly if she was afraid. "Oh! no doctor," said she, "I cannot be afraid, for HE says, Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God." Well might he reply, as he looked on her calm countenance—"Yes, that is the *great* consolation." Here was the command, and here, too, was the glorious reason. Yes, my hearers, God says, "Fear thou not," and the reason he gives is, "I am with thee;" and when he says, "Be reconciled," he has a reason to give for this command likewise.

1.—*Jesus was made sin.*—Isaiah lii. 14.—"His visage was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." Think, my hearers on this fact. Suppose you saw a little white and innocent lamb led to the altar, tied on it, and the deadly knife plunged to its heart—you see it then burnt to ashes as an accursed thing. What does this mean? The lamb is "*made sin.*" Sin has been laid upon it, and it dies as if it were an accursed criminal. This is a type of Jesus. See that spotless Lamb of God. Look to his countenance—it is sad, and pale, and furrowed, and woe-worn—it is covered with his bloody sweat—it is besmeared with dust amidst the rabble that hurry him to the hall of Pilate—it is afresh covered with gore from his thorny crown—it is covered again with the spitting of the cruelly insulting foe—it is deeply affecting to see that blood shot, but tearless eye. O! that look, when he turned to the wailing women, and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me." See that distorted form on Calvary. The cross has been set up, and by its dreadful wrench every bone is made to stand out in distorted prominence. Deep from the afflicted and breaking heart comes forth that mysterious cry—"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabacthani." Heaven is veiled. Darkness overspreads the sky. and groans come from the bowels of the rending earth. O! criminal, what awful scene is that which is thus presented? Why should innocence suffer thus? Why should God manifest in the flesh appear in this dire and crushing agony? The answer is—"He was made sin." The iniquities of us all lay upon him. He bore the fearful load of our common crimes. O! is it not a *reason* why you should be reconciled to God? This is the reason which he gives for asking you—is it not sufficient reason why you should be pacified to him. O! must he die another death ere you are satisfied to have confidence in him ?

2.—*Jesus was made sin for us.*—O! my friends, there is a world of importance in these words "*for us.*" For whom do they show that Jesus was made sin ? "*For us!*" Manifestly not only for the believing Corinthians, for Paul is giving a description of how he conducted the work of reconciliation wherever he went ? He prayed men every where to be reconciled to God, and every where he used the same argument—"Christ died for *our* sins." "He made him to be sin, *for us.*" It would have been out of the question to have asked men to be reconciled to God on any other ground, and hence with this he plied every conscience. O! my hearers, all that Christ did on Calvary he did *for us*—for you, and for me. Such is the word of God—such is the truth whether you believe it or not. Jesus "gave himself a ransom for *all.* He died for all." "*He is the satisfaction for all.*" He was made sin for every man, for "he *tasted death* for every man."—Heb. ii. 9. O! is not this now enough why you should be pleased and pacified towards God?

3. *God's justice is satisfactorily honoured.* He is *not imputing our trespasses to us.* This is seen in the expressed design of Jesus being made sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him? He was treated as the sinner that we might be treated as innocent. "He became poor that we through his poverty might become rich." Why could we not be treated as innocent without his being treated as guilty? Because the law would have been set aside, and God's just government would have become despicable. O! then, my hearers, since that government is more than

honoured—since it is "magnified" by the sacrifice of Jesus, let me ask you is not this a reason why you should be pacified and pleased with God, and so be treated as innocent? Do remember, it is not some hard task that is assigned you: O! it is just to be pleased with God—to yield to be his friend. God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are one—especially one in this—an infinite desire to pacify your poor guilty soul, and treat you as a friend. Will you refuse this?

4. *God made Jesus to be sin for us.*—If an argument of power can possibly exist, here is one. O! who can measure the height or depth, or length or breadth, of that love that made such a sacrifice for guilty enemies! That love is God's love, my hearer, to you. That he might be able to beseech you to be reconciled, he made this costly sacrifice. You may be one of those who think that God withholds what he easily might give to reconcile you to himself. O! how much you wrong him! "He that spared not his own son, but freely delivered him up to the death for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" I remember, in a conversation with our dear departed sister, that she told me her experience with her Sabbath scholars, when her mind was dark, on the work of the Spirit of God. She said—"I used to beseech them with great earnestness to believe in Jesus. I told them that it was at their peril if they did not;" but, said she, "at the very time when I was beseeching them, I was conscious of dishonesty—I felt, that if I told them all, I should tell them that they never would believe until they got a special influence from God. O!" said she, "I pled with them, and then I pled with God, and it appeared to me that God was unwilling,

and they were unwilling, and I was the only one anxious for their reconciliation." Thus was she led to put herself above God in love for souls. O! how she stood in silent amazement at the remembrance of these days after the fuller light of God's character had shone in upon her mind! She saw that God was in infinite earnest—that he was doing all that wisely and rightly could be done. She rejoiced to feel sympathy with God, and to throw her whole soul into the earnest entreaty of his infinitly-loving Spirit, as he prayed the sinner to be reconciled to himself. But, I must close; and let me not do so, without again setting before you the solemnity of your position in the sight of God. O! think, his object this afternoon has been to *reconcile you*—to pacify you—to win you to himself. He has brought you to the death-bed side—you have listened to the earnest entreaties of a dying friend. Apostolic interest has been thrown into the influence used with you. Jesus has stood before you. God, the self-existent and universal King has condescended to beseech you. He has met you at the great sacrifice of Calvary, and he has besought you to take his eternal friendship on that perfect ground! Will you refuse? Will you go from this place still terrified for God? O! how, then, will you appear at last? O! let not another hour bear you nearer your eternal ruin till you receive your God on his own terms. Be now satisfied and reconciled to Him.

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